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THE POET'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

Time of mirthful madness,  
Universal cheer !  
Time when tears of gladness,  
Only can appear !  
Time when gloom and sadness,  
Hide away in fear !

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So wrote the Poet on a winter's night  
Within his room luxurious and bright.  
The dancing flames, like merry children, played  
Within the grate, and wondrous shadows made,  
That leaped like elves in every corner, where  
They seemed themselves to chide the shadows there.  
The shaded lamp itself seemed no less warm,  
And breathed a mild defiance to the storm  
Which raged, as if in sullen wrath, outside,  
That here its vandal presence was denied.  
Even the very pictures round the room—  
Faces of fame and beauty, and of whom  
The masters of immortal song have sung—  
Seemed smiling from the places where they hung.  
The Poet, too, ensconced within his chair's  
Soft depths of snugness, had absorbed the air's  
Warm sense of comfort ; for he closed his eyes  
As one whose mind drinks in rich harmonies ;  
And in his seat in ecstasy he curled,  
In perfect friendship with a perfect world !

And thus at languid ease the Poet's mind  
To many subjects one by one inclined.  
He thought upon the season of the year,  
Its wealth of gladness and its boundless cheer,

And on the Holy Child whose glorious birth  
 Bestowed new life and light upon the earth.  
 And, warming in this contemplative mood,  
 His heart expanded and became endued,  
 The while his thoughts beneficently ran,  
 With glowing friendship for his fellow-man.  
 And so the Poet at his jovial ease  
 Composed his ready little rhymes to please ;  
 Forgetting that the world might hold, indeed,  
 Stern refutation of such pleasant creed ;  
 And little guessing his belief was bent  
 And fashioned by his glad environment  
 Of warmth and ease and happiness and wealth,  
 By bounding pulse and youth and glowing health.

MEANTIME the storm like some loosed lion beat  
 In lonely triumph down the whitened street,  
 And in its fiercer moments rudely bore  
 With angry strength against the Poet's door ;  
 Or hurled itself against the frosty pane ;  
 Then baffled bore along the street again.  
 The Poet smiled, and spurred his sleepy fire,  
 And bade the snowstorm like the flames mount higher.  
 " 'Tis such a Christmas Eve ! " he laughing said,  
 " As sends one glad and sleepily to bed,—  
 " To bed, delicious bed ! and yet to borrow  
 " From dreams of all that waits him on the morrow ! "  
 Just then the clock within the city tower  
 In muffled tones announced the midnight hour.  
 " Bravo ! although 'tis early to begin,  
 " We'll drink the day, Old Christmas, fairly in !  
 " A merry Christmas, then, to all the land ! "  
 The Poet cried. But as he raised his hand  
 He paused and listened ; raised his glass once more ;  
 Then set it down and hurried to the door ;  
 With eager fingers flung it open wide  
 And let the storm swirl inward like a tide.  
 The world lay dim before, a world of white !  
 " Surely no one is out on such a night,—  
 " One scarce could live ! " the Poet shivering thought.  
 " And yet I'm sure a human voice I caught.  
 " Some stranger may have lost his path,—I'll shout :  
 " Hollo ! hollo ! Is anyone without ? "  
 Scarce had the cry been given when a form



THE POET'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

Rose like a ghost and staggered through the storm,  
 And, as a worn-out swimmer reaches shore,  
 Fell blindly headlong at the Poet's door.  
 With eager heart and hand the Poet raised  
 And bore it in to where the fire blazed,—  
 A burden light, a little white-faced lad,  
 Half-dead with cold and hunger, illy-clad,  
 And features all so pale and pinched and small,  
 The Poet marvelled life was there at all.  
 Then, having placed the lad before the flame  
 And warmed with wine the numbed and shivering frame,  
 Until the color to the pallid cheek  
 Came faintly back, and slow, as if to speak,  
 The pale lips moved, while slower yet the eyes  
 Were opened in a vague and dull surprise,  
 That grew with real if silent gratitude,  
 The Poet brought the waif warm drink and food  
 And set him by the table in his chair,  
 And bade him eat and drink and banish care !

"I recollect," the Poet musing said,  
 "Anacreon one time was visited  
 "By such a boy as this, a child astray,  
 "Who pleaded hard that he awhile might stay  
 "Beneath the old man's roof and warm himself ;  
 "And then, at last, the thankless little elf,—  
 "'Twas Cupid—took his deadly bow and dart  
 "And shot the poor old poet through the heart !"  
 And thereupon the Poet from his store  
 Of books took down Anacreon once more,  
 And turning o'er each page with eager quest  
 Re-read the story and forgot his guest.

The "guest" meantime was dozing in his chair ;  
 For having supped upon the Poet's fare  
 Before the genial fire, and broken fast  
 As if he thought the meal might be his last,  
 Or that at least while well within his power  
 He'd celebrate his Christmas for an hour,—  
 The warmth diffused a sweet narcotic glow,  
 The little head went nodding to and fro ;  
 And when at length the Poet closed his book,  
 And then remembering turned about to look,  
 He heard a breathing regular and deep,

And found the little fellow fast asleep.  
 The Poet gazed ; and slow a tender light  
 Grew in his eyes and softly dimmed their sight.  
 It may have been the lad unconscious there,  
 The feet half shod, the rags, the tangled hair,  
 The little form, the features pinched and small,—  
 Scarce softened in their sleep,—and most of all,  
 The past with all its sadness you could trace  
 In every line upon the sleeper's face ;  
 Or else it may have been the contrast wide  
 Between two fortunes thus placed side by side,  
 That bared the truth, howe'er his heart inclined,  
 With vivid clearness to the Poet's mind.  
 Whate'er the influence was, the Poet's soul  
 In one sweet moment grasped the meaning whole,  
 And with glad eyes he saw serene and clear  
 The spirit of the season of the year ;  
 His selfishness, his blind and narrow creed ;  
 The law of love divine—the world's one need.  
 And with his hand upon the sleeper's head,  
 The Poet, smiling softly, murmuring said :

“ In truth, no matter how obscure his birth,  
 “ Each has his mission here upon the earth.  
 “ And you, unconscious boy, to teach me mine  
 “ Were guided hither by a hand divine.  
 “ Yet in some measure have you played the part  
 “ Of him who shot Anacreon through the heart ;  
 “ But better far, you guileless came to prove  
 “ And test the realness of the Poet's love,  
 “ And boasted breadth of human tenderness,  
 “ Of which he scarcely could have cherished less.  
 “ And so I trust that I, not all in vain,  
 “ An angel unawares may entertain ;  
 “ For you, my little friend, a guest shall be,  
 “ And merry Christmas still to-day shall see !  
 “ Undreamed-of joy shall greet you on the morn,  
 “ And so from yours the Poet's shall be born ! ”

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

## THE CASTLE OF ST. LOUIS, QUEBEC.

ITS OCCUPANTS UNDER THE LILIES—1647—1759.\*

BY J. M. LEMOINE, F.R.S.C.

"Few circumstances of discussion and enquiry are more interesting than the history and fate of ancient buildings, especially if we direct our attention to the fortunes and vicissitudes of those who were connected with them. The temper, genius and pursuits of an historical era are frequently delineated in the features of remarkable edifices."—*Hawkins' Historical Picture of Quebec, 1834.*

THE hand that indited, in 1834, the classic pages of Alfred Hawkins' admirable volume, has been cold in death since many decades. The learned Dr. John Charlton Fisher, a graduate of Oxford, expired at sea returning to Canada from England, and still his memory survives. His name is held in kind remembrance by all true friends of the ancient capital, especially so by the members of the *Literary and Historical Society*, of which Dr. Fisher may be considered, with the helping hand of the Earl of Dalhousie, then Governor-General, the real originator in 1824.

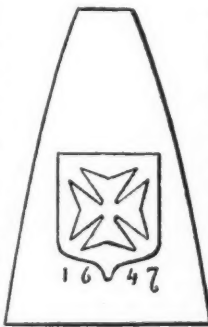
We purpose here to sketch the ancient Fort and the *Chateau St. Louis*, from its inception. The publication of Mr. Ernest Gagnon's work on the subject, illustrated by successive wood cuts of the structures from the earliest times, helps us to furnish its history in an extended and, we hope, an accurate form.

Additional interest is added to the historical edifice under consideration, by the erection of the superb pile known as the *HOTEL CHATEAU FRONTENAC*, on the site of Fort St. Louis, as well as on that portion of the old chateau site on which the wing, known as Haldimand Castle, was constructed in 1784.

"The history of the ancient Castle of St. Louis, or Fort of Quebec, for above two centuries the seat of government in the Province of Quebec, affords subjects of great and stirring incident during its several periods. The hall of the old Fort, during the weakness of the colony, was often a scene of terror and despair at the inroads of the persevering and ferocious

Iroquois, who, having passed or overthrown all the French outposts, more than once threatened the Fort itself, and massacred some friendly Indians within sight of its walls. There, too, in intervals of peace, were laid those benevolent plans for the religious instruction and conversion of the savages, which at one time distinguished the policy of the ancient Governors. At a later era, when under the protection of the French Kings, the Province had acquired the rudiments of military strength and power, the Castle of St.

Louis was remarkable as having been the site whence the French Governors exercised an immense sovereignty, extending from the Gulf of St. Lawrence along the shores of that noble river, its magnificent lakes, and down the course of the Mississippi to its outlet below New Orleans. The banner which first streamed from the battlements of Quebec, was displayed from a chain of forts which protected the settlements through this vast ex-



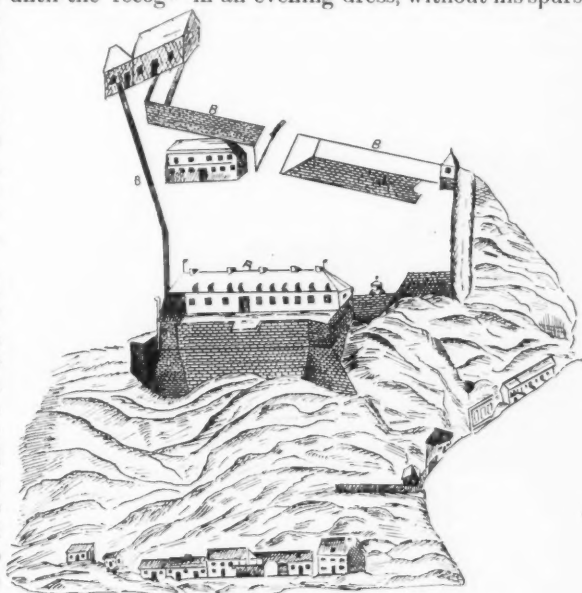
Stone with Maltese cross inserted over entrance to Hotel Chateau Frontenac.

\*A second article, telling of "Its occupation under the Roses, 1765 - 1834," will appear in the January number.  
†Le Fort and le Chateau St. Louis, Quebec. *Etudes Archeologiques et Historiques*. Par Ernest Gagnon. 1895.

tent of country, keeping the English colonies in constant alarm, and securing the fidelity of the Indian nations. During this period, the council chamber of the Castle was the scene of many a midnight vigil, many a long deliberation and deep-laid project, to free the continent from the intrusion of the ancient rival of France and assert throughout the supremacy of the Gallic lily. At another era, subsequent to the surrender of Quebec to the British arms, and until the recognition of the independence of the United States, the extent of empire, of the government of which the Castle of Quebec was the principal seat, comprehended the whole American Continent, north of Mexico." (*Hawkins.*)

Here was rendered to the representative of the French King, with all its ancient forms, the fealty and homage of the noblesse and military retainers, who held possessions in the Province under the Crown—a feudal ceremony, suited to early times, which imposed a real and substantial obligation on those who performed it, not to be violated without forfeiture and dishonor. The Sovereign of Great Britain having succeeded to the rights of the French Crown, this ceremony was maintained until 3rd February, 1854, when it was performed for the last time by Seigneur Jonathan Sexton Campbell Wurtele, now His Honor Mr. Justice Wurtele, of Montreal, in presence of Sir William Rowan, Administrator of the Province, accompanied by J. Caul, Lewis T. Drummond,

Attorney-General, and other officials. Seigneur Wurtele had inherited the fiefs and seigniories of Deguire and Rivière David, in the Richelieu district, near Montreal. Fealty and homage was rendered thus by the Seigniors to the Governor, the representative of the Sovereign, "His Excellency being in full dress and seated in a state chair, surrounded by his staff, and attended by the Attorney-General. The Seigneur, with head bare, in an evening dress, without his spurs,



PLAN OF FORT ST. LOUIS, QUEBEC, 1683, BY JEAN-BAPTISTE, FRANQUELIN, ENGINEER.

A. First Chateau. B. Outer wall of the Fort, commenced in 1636, razed in 1693.

and wearing a sword, was introduced into his presence by the Inspector-General of the Royal Domain and Clerk of the Land Roll, and having delivered up his sword, and kneeling upon one knee before the Governor, placed his right hand between his and repeated the ancient oath of fidelity; after which a solemn act was drawn up in a register kept for that purpose, which was signed by the Governor and the Seigneur, and

countersigned by the proper officers."

Francis Parkman, on the authority of the historian Ferland, quotes as an example, that of Jean Guion, a vassal of Dr. R. Giffard, Seigneur, since 1634, of Beauport near Quebec. "In presence of a notary Guion presented himself at the principal door of the manor-house of Beauport. Having knocked, one Boulle, farmer of Giffard, opened the door, and in reply to Guion's question if the Seigneur was at home, replied that he was not, but that he, Boulle, was empowered to receive acknowledgments of faith and homage from the vassal in his name." "After the which reply," proceeds the act, "the said Guion, being at the principal door, placed himself on his knees on the ground, with head bare and without sword or spurs, and said three times these words, 'Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, I bring you the faith and homage which I am bound to bring you, on account of my fief Du Buisson, which I hold as a man of faith of your seigniority of Beauport, declaring that I offer to pay my seigniorial and feudal dues in their season, and demanding of you to accept me in faith and homage as aforesaid.'"

In describing the antique castle, several writers have mixed up dates and incidents referring to the Fort St. Louis begun in 1620, with those relating to the Chateau St. Louis, which, after several changes and transformations, assumed that name only in 1647, under Governor de Montmagny. Hawkins is quite correct in saying that: "The Castle of St. Louis was in early times rather a stronghold of defence than an embellished ornament of royalty. Seated on a tremendous precipice—

On a rock whose haughty brow  
Frown'd o'er St. Lawrence's foaming tide,  
and looking defiance to the utmost

boldness of the assailant, nature lent her aid to the security of the position. The cliff on which it stood rises nearly two hundred feet in perpendicular height above the river. The castle thus commanded on every side a most extensive prospect, and until the occupation of the higher ground to the south-west, afterwards called Cape Diamond, must have been the principal object among the buildings of the city.

"When Champlain first laid the foundation of the Fort, in 1620, to which he gave the name of St. Louis, it is evident that he was actuated by views of a political, not of a commercial character. His mind was in better keeping with warlike enterprises than the acquirement of wealth. He was perfectly disinterested in all his proceedings. Foreseeing that Quebec would become the seat of dominion and invite a struggle for its future possession, he knew the necessity of a stronghold, and determined to erect one in opposition to the wishes of the Company of Merchants." The building was commenced in July, 1620.

It had been originally contemplated to build the future city on the banks of the St. Charles, where now lies the populous suburb of St. Roch; and *Urbs Ludovica*, after the reigning sovereign in France, Louis XIII., was the name chosen for the nascent settlement. The necessity of security and protection for the colonists against the surrounding Indian tribes caused the idea to be abandoned. Settlers preferred camping down under Fort St. Louis, whose big guns struck terror in the Redskins, and were calculated to inspire respect to the hostile fleets which might anchor in the stream below its battlements.

Champlain, at first, styled his fort "demeure, corps-de-logis"—that is, a dwelling place. In 1621, he put in charge of it, one M. DuMai, with a few men. In 1622, he pushed on the work, "insisting on the importance of completing it, having it equipped with

\* PARKMAN—*Old Regime*, p. 246-7.  
FERLAND—*Notes sur les Registres de Notre Dame de Quebec*, p. 65.

an armament, stores and a suitable garrison." On the 29th Nov., 1623, the ruggedness of the ascent from the *Abitation* to the fort, induced him to establish a road or path (since known as Mountain Hill), to Fort St. Louis. The walls of the fort later on covered about four acres. On the 18th April, 1624, his artificers were busy putting in their place the timber conveyed there by his Indian allies on sledges over the snow on the 10th December, 1623. Two years later, on the 20th April, 1624, a violent wind storm carried away over the cliff the roof of the building.

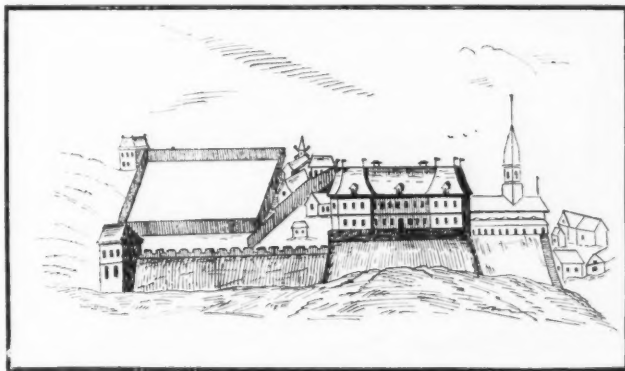
On his departure for France in August, 1624, though Champlain had left orders to continue the work on his fort, he found on his return that no progress worth mentioning had been made. In anticipation of the time not far distant when he expected the French King would be sending

colonists to Quebec, as well as soldiers for their protection, the founder of Quebec decided on razing the small fort begun in 1620. With the materials, he set to work to lay the foundations of the larger one, which he may have occupied as a residence previous to the surrender of the fort to the Kertks in 1629, but which he certainly made his home when he returned from France in 1633, until his death there on Christmas Day, 1635.

Louis Kertk held it from 1629 to 1632, Emery de Caen and Duplessis Bochart took possession of it in 1632, until Champlain's return, 23rd May, 1633.

The first Chateau, a one story building, commenced in 1647 by Governor

de Montmagny, and which he styled "Corps de Logis au Fort," after some repairs was finally demolished by Count de Frontenac in 1694 and rebuilt by him. The second Chateau, begun in 1694-5, to which a wing was added, was completed in 1700. It is described by La Potherie, and later on, in 1749, by the Swedish botanist and traveller Herr Peter Kalm, the friend of Linnæus. Capt. John Knox of the 43rd, a companion-in-arms of Wolfe, also alludes to it in his voluminous diary of the great siege of 1759, when the bombardment inflicted on Quebec by Admiral Saunders, left



CHATEAU ST. LOUIS, RECONSTRUCTED BY COUNT DE FRONTENAC, (1694-1698); FINISHED IN 1700.

Taken from the Saint-Lawrence River.

it in ruins. It so remained until Gov. Murray had it repaired in 1764, and occupied it in 1765.

On the 5th May, 1784, General Haldimand set to work to construct an addition to St. Louis Castle for public balls and official dinners, whilst the state levees continued to take place in the old Chateau. A portion of the walls of Fort St. Louis were used in constructing the first story of the building, which took the name of Chateau Haldimand. It was inaugurated with *éclat* more than two years after the Governor's departure, on the 18th January, 1787, by a splendid ball on Queen Charlotte's birthday, when Lady Dorchester—Maria, the accom-

plished daughter of the Earl of Iffingham—presided. On August 15th, 1787, Prince William, a middy on board the frigate *Pegasus* then in port, afterwards Duke of Clarence, and later on, William IV. King of England, paid his respects to the Governor-General at Government House, the old Chateau, and inspected the new building.

On the 21st September of the same year, and on the 4th of October, 1787, the overseer of Military Works, Sergeant James Thompson records in his diary the extensive preparations made to welcome to Quebec the King's son, without forgetting the platform erected for the occasion on the roof of the old powder magazine (razed in 1892), in rear of Chateau Haldimand, in order to witness the fireworks set off in his honor. In December of that year, the Governor removed his household gods to the new building, leaving the old Chateau to be used as public offices, and about this time the castle was allowed to get out of repair. The Governor for the time being inhabited the new building, the Chateau Haldimand, it being more modern and roomy, in its internal arrangements.

In 1808, at the request of His Excellency, General Sir James Henry Craig, the provincial legislature voted and spent £10,000 in re-building two stories higher the antique castle; and a short time before his departure, in 1811, he removed to it from his summer retreat, Spencer Wood, and his winter quarters at Chateau Haldimand. On the 23rd January, 1834, it was entirely consumed by fire; but its dependency, Haldimand Castle, escaped. Lord and Lady Aylmer, the previous occupants of Chateau St. Louis, instead of inhabiting General Haldimand's structure, took their abode on the Cape with Col. Craig, until they could rent a house. Four years later, in 1838, the pompous but able Governor and Grand Commissioner, the Earl of Durham, having declined to accept from the authori-

ties any remuneration for his short time of office, it is said, directed this fund to be donated to the razing of the ruins of the old Chateau, and to the erection on their foundations, of a terrace (Durham Terrace until 1879), 160 feet in length. This the Minister of Public Works, in 1854, the Hon. P. Chabot, M.P.P. for Quebec, increased to 270 feet. Under Lord Dufferin's Plans of City Embellishments, it was extended, at Government and Municipal cost, to 1,420 feet in length. The corner-stone to this incomparable promenade, was laid on the 18th Oct., 1878, by the Earl of Dufferin, and was named and inaugurated by Their Excellencies, the Marquis of Lorne and H.R.H. the Princess Louise, as DUFFERIN TERRACE on the 19th June, 1879, at the request of the Mayor, City Council and citizens of Quebec.

On the 12th June, 1846, an awful fire, attended by the loss of 40 lives, obliterated the remaining walls of the old Chateau and its stables, transformed first into a riding school, and next into a theatre.

From 1852 to 1855, and from 1860 to 1865, the remaining modern building, Chateau Haldimand, was used by the Provincial Board of Works, the Crown Lands, King's Domain and Registrar. In 1857 it became the seat of the Normal School, and again until 1860 and later on.

With the old French powder-magazine in rear, it was razed in 1892 to the ground, to make room for the stately pile, the *Hotel Chateau Frontenac*, planned by an eminent New York architect, a Mr. Bruce Price, for the Chateau Frontenac Co. of which Thos. G. Shaughnessy is the president. It was built at a cost of \$500,000 on a site, purchased from the Provincial Government of Quebec, covering 57,000 feet.

#### THE OCCUPATION OF CASTLE ST. LOUIS, 1647-1760, UNDER THE LILIES.

Montmagny, Chevalier de Malte, had pushed forward colonization,

among other measures, drawing on Normandy, Brittany, Perche, Poitou, Aunis, and set to work to inspire respect to the Indians huddled round his fort. The latter styled Montmagny *Ononthio*, which means "Great Mountain"—playing on his name (Mons Magnus). The surname was borne by the succeeding French Governors. His next care was to lay out streets, widen and straighten the foot paths which intersected Stadacona. But a *Chevalier sans cheval*, as Mr. E. Gagnon well observes, could not be the correct thing. So a horse as a mount—the first seen in the colony—was

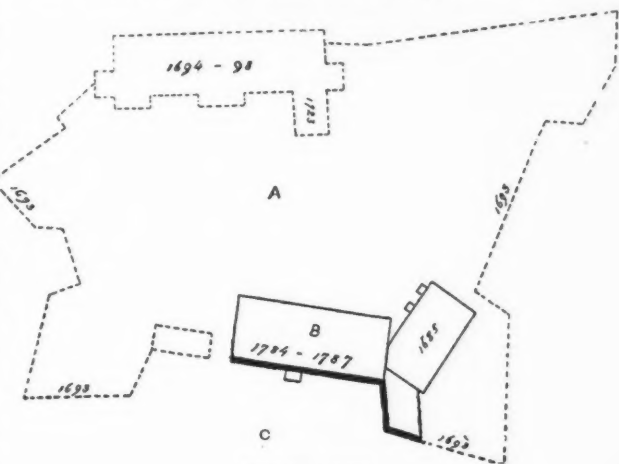
imported from France by the inhabitants on the 20th June, 1647, a very suitable present to the worthy Knight. What became of it history does not say. Matters were evidently looking up at the Fort and Chateau, when M. d'Ailleboust, the new Governor took possession of Government House at Quebec, in 1648. He was replaced

by M. de Lauzon, 1651-56. Lauzon re-occupied it as administrator in 1657, and his successors under Viscount d'Argenson, in 1658; Baron d'Avouglour, in 1661, and Chevalier Saffrey de Mesy, in 1663.

Governor de Courcelles arrived at Quebec in 1665, with the magnificent Marquis de Tracy, the King's *Lieutenant-General* in America. Tracy was accompanied by several companies of the dashing Carignan-Salières regiment, and made his *debut* with extraordinary pomp. His advent was quite a social event in Quebec, which had

just been granted a Royal Government, and for the first time was styled a town.

De Courcelles' administration lasted until 1672, when Count de Frontenac was named Governor. His first administration lasted until 1682. He was followed by La Barre, 1682-85, and by the Marquis De Nonville 1685-89, when the stern old warrior was recalled to his former position, which he occupied until the year of his death, in 1698. Callieres followed, 1699-1703, when Philippe de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, was named and governed the country until 1725.



FORT ST. LOUIS.

A. Interior of Fort.

B. Chateau Haldimand

C. La Place d'Armes.

Charles Le Moine, Baron de Longueuil, administered the colony, 1625-26; he was succeeded by the Marquis de Beauharnois. Count de la Galissonniere was next sent out to govern, from 1746 to 1749, during the captivity of the Marquis de la Jonquiere, who on his way to Quebec had been taken prisoner by an English fleet. The Marquis, however, at his release ruled here, in 1752, when Charles Le Moine, the second Baron de Longueuil, administered the Government from May to July, 1752. That year the Marquis Duquesne de Menneville re-

placed him, and the last Governor under French rule was Pierre Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil Cavagnal until 1760.

Of the six French Governors who died at Quebec, in the Fort or Chateau, St. Louis, Le Chevalier de Mesy was buried in the Hotel-Dieu cemetery, and Champlain in a "sepulchre particulier," near the fort; the four others were interred in the vaults of the *Recollet* Church, opposite Castle St. Louis. This church was destroyed by fire on the 6th Sept., 1796, when this Governor's remains were removed to the underground vaults of the R. C. Cathedral at Quebec. They were: Count de Frontenac, who expired at Chateau St. Louis 28th Nov., 1798; Louis Hector de Callieres, on the 26th May, 1703; Marquis Philippe de Rigaud, 10th Oct., 1725; Marquis de la Jonquiere, 17th May, 1752.

We all have heard how the great Frontenac's heart after death had been sent to France, to his proud, worldly, beautiful Countess, *la Divine*, and returned to Canada with the message that she did not care to own after death a heart which in life had not belonged to her.

Few of the French Governors brought out their wives and families; the list of titled ladies, inmates of the Chateau, under the French regime, is not long. One learns of Madame d'Aillebout, Madame la Marquise de Denonville, and her three daughters, and Madame la Marquise Philippe de Vaudreuil and her two daughters. With them was their interesting young schoolmate, Esther Wheelwright, a New England child, carried away captive to Acadia by the Abenakis Indians, and redeemed from captivity by Governor de Vaudreuil, through the instrumentality of the Jesuit missionary, Father Bigot, who had recognized this white child among her swarthy captors. The Gouverneur made her an inmate of the Chateau, treated her as a member of his family, and had her educated with his daughters at the

neighboring Ursuline Convent. The grateful child refused to return to Boston; in 1714 she became a nun, and eventually, the respected Lady Superior of the Convent.

One must not omit mentioning the Marquise Pierre de Vaudreuil, step-daughter to the Marquise Philippe de Vaudreuil, born at Gemsec, Acadia, 18th Aug., 1673. A brilliant future awaited her in France. At the age of thirty-six—probably at the recommendation of her old friend, the Marquise de Denonville—she was summoned to Versailles and placed in charge of the education of the young Duke of Alençon. Madame de Maintenon received her kindly and presented her to the king. Even the caustic Duc de Saint Simon praises her in his *memoirs*. The impression she created was such that her tender charge having died in his infancy, she was retained at court several years to look after the education of the other children of the Duke of Berry.

Quite a dramatic spectacle must have been witnessed in the great hall of the Chateau on the 16th October, 1690, when Admiral Phips' Envoy, with eyes bandaged, was escorted to the presence of the proud nobleman who then wielded the destinies of Canada. Having had his bandage removed, the flag of truce, delivered his ultimatum, watch in hand, and asked for an answer within an hour.

"Sir," replied grim old Frontenac, "tell your master I do not even require that delay and that I shall answer him by the mouth of my cannon." The Governor of Quebec did answer the New England admiral by the mouth of his cannon, and his reply was so much to the point that Admiral Phips, with his battered fleet, hurriedly set sail for Boston.

If the castle occasionally opened wide its portals to titled visitors from beyond the sea, its dungeon or prison more than once closed on important colonial personages, Indian warriors and ordinary malefactors. Thus, in

1674, Governor de Frontenac had placed there, until shipped to France, Francois Marie Perrot, Governor of Montreal, for disobedience to orders. On Perrot landing in France, a *lettre de cachet*, signed by Louis XIV., consigned him for a time to the gloomy cells of the Bastile, in Paris.

History tells of one distinguished guest, Herr Peter Kalm, the Swedish *savant* and botanist, who was "dined and wined" there for forty days by another *savant*, Count de la Galissonniere, Governor of Quebec, in the summer of 1749. Hark to his description of the Chateau :

"The Palace (Chateau Saint Louis) is situated on the west or steepest side of the mountain, just above the lower city. It is not properly a palace, but a large building of stone, two stories high extending north and south. On the west side of it is a courtyard, surrounded partly with a wall, and partly with houses. On the east side, or towards the river, is a gallery as long as the whole building, and about two fathoms broad paved with smooth flags, and included on the out-sides by iron rails, from whence the city and the river exhibit a charming prospect. This gallery serves as a very agreeable walk after dinner, and those who come to speak with the Governor-General wait here till he is at leisure. The palace is the lodging of the Governor-General of Canada, and a number of soldiers mount the guard before it, both at the gate and in the courtyard; and when the Governor, or the Bishop, comes in or goes out, they must all appear in arms and beat the drum. The Governor General has his own chapel where he hears prayers; however, he often goes to Mass at the church of the *Recollets*, which is very near the palace."

Such was the sober account given of the antique chateau by the distinguished Swedish traveller.

The Niagara novelist, William Kirby, in his admirable historical romance "The Golden Dog," has lent it many poetical tints :

"Over the Governor's seat hangs a gorgeous escutcheon of the Royal arms, draped with a cluster of white flags, sprinkled with golden lilies—the emblems of French Sovereignty in the colony. Among the portraits on the walls, beside those of the late (Louis XIV.) and present King (Louis XV.), which hung on each side of the throne, might be seen the features of Richelieu, who first organised the rude settlements on the St. Lawrence in a body politic, a reflex of feudal France; and of Colbert, who made available its natural wealth and resources, by peopling it with the best scions of the Mother Land—the noblesse and peasantry of Normandy, Brittany and Aquitaine. There, too, might be seen the keen, bold features of Cartier, the first discoverer, and of Champlain, the first explorer of the new land, and the founder of Quebec. The gallant, restless Louis Buade de Frontenac, was pictured there, side by side with his fair countess, called, by reason of her surpassing loveliness, 'The Divine.' Vaudreuil, too, who spent a long life of devotion to his country, and Beauharnois who \*nourished its young strength until it was able to resist not only the powerful confederacy of the Five Nations, but the still more powerful league of New England and the other English colonies. There, also, were seen the sharp intellectual face of Laval, its first Bishop, who organized the Church and education in the colony; and of Talon, wisest of Intendants, who devoted himself to the improvement of agriculture, the increase of trade, and the well-being of all the King's subjects in New France. And one more portrait was there, worthy to rank among the statesmen and rulers of New France—the pale, calm, intellectual features of Mere Marie de l'Incarnation—the first Superioress of the Ursulines of Quebec, who, in obedience to heavenly visions, as she believed, left France to found schools for the children of the new colonists, and who taught her own womanly graces to her own sex, who were destined to become the future mothers of New France."

One thing yet remains to complete the ornament of the historic site on which it stood; A MONUMENT TO THE IMMORTAL FOUNDER OF QUEBEC; worthy of Champlain, worthy of Quebec.

## A CHRISTMAS DEER HUNT IN URUGUAY.

BY DR. G. ARCHIE STOCKWELL, F.L.S.

THE summer of 1879-80—it will be remembered the seasons are reversed in latitudes south of the equator—found me in Montevideo, Banda-Oriental (Uruguay), cultivating the Castilian tongue through the medium of dark-eyed *donicellas*, who accepted, with most bewitching grace, attention and flatteries couched in a vile mixture of ungrammatical Spanish, English, and Scotch-Latin. This was my chief occupation, though I was nominally attached to the frigate *Hebe*, stationed in the harbor as relief and storeship to Her Gracious Majesty's South Atlantic squadron.

There was a goodly colony of sons of Britain in the city, and I was speedily made free of the "English Club," where, one day, I chanced to encounter douce Jock Macmillan, in whose company on various and divers occasions I had felt the *tawse* as administered to the hurdies in a certain academy of learning in *Auld Reekie*, presided over by one Dominic Crawford. The *recontré* was mutually agreeable, and the parting was with the understanding, if leave could be had, a fellow-shipmate and myself were to pass a fortnight, including the holidays, at Jock's *estancia*, some ninety miles up country.

Leave was had, and the morning of December 19th found Lieut. Alexander and myself at the railway station, heavily encumbered with guns, cartridges, mackintoshes, and other shooting and wearing paraphernalia. Three hours ride brought us to San José, where we were met by Mac, and rapidly tooled over the remaining thirty miles by means of dog-cart and tandem of English thoroughbreds.

Our host afforded the information he was "an *estanciero* in a small way,"

but when forced to recognize him as the sole lord of six leagues square of pampa, 20,000 muttons, and as many more each of horses and wild cattle, it became a matter of wonderment what the condition of a *large* herder and landed proprietor might be in this region. His house, too, was on the same liberal scale as the estate—a bachelor establishment that needed only the refining influence of a wife to perfect. Servants and herders fairly swarmed, lounging about house, stables, gardens, and premises generally, idle and shiftless as Spanish Americans of mixed bloods usually are. A plantation of oaks and beeches, enclosing the buildings and a score of acres put out to English fruits, served as partial protection against the fierce *pamperos* that rise suddenly at certain seasons, and with almost hurricane force blow until exhausted, a procedure that requires anywhere from 24 to 72 hours—truly "one knoweth not whence it cometh or whither it goeth." A fair library of English books adorned the walls of the great hall, that with its two great fire-places, rugs of skin, trophies of the chase, and rawhide settees and chairs, did duty as drawing and general lounging room, and into which the dining-room, offices and chambers directly opened.

For a day or two little was done but explore the estate, recall incidents of the past, and listen to hair-breadth escapes from jaguars, wild dogs, and like vermin, as narrated by *Auld* Geordie Allen, the steward and major-domo, and of which the beggar was as full, as a badger of fleas; but the sly twinkles of the eyes at times did not tend to establish the veracity of *all* his tales.

Our expeditions were invariably

conducted on horseback, for no one in this portion of the globe, where even mendicants solicit aid from the saddle, ever walks. Horses duly caparisoned, and by the dozen, were kept at the door from early morn till late night, at the service of whosoever might elect; and the miracle was that they had not been introduced into the hall as a means of transit to the chambers or table. The natives, I am sure, make their toilettes in the saddle; that is, if they ever condescend to perform those offices which are deemed so essential in other portions of the world.

The region about was one vast pampa or prairie, somewhat undulating, covered with luxuriant, green turf, with now and again a bit of grove or forest that marked the windings of a river or water course. Sheep were seen in countless numbers, though in isolated flocks, sometimes watched by native herders (*Guachos*), on horseback, of course, but oftener left to the guardianship of the enormous shepherd dogs of the country, creatures of decided wolfish strain, bred to their tasks from early puppyhood and reared by ewe foster-mothers. Cattle in all the freedom of true feral life grazed "upon a thousand hills," if the innumerable swells that broke the level of the landscape may be so termed; but to my disappointment none were of the short-muzzled *Niata* breed described by Mr. Darwin. Horses, too, that had never felt bit or spur, in numbers sufficient to mount half a score of cavalry brigades, raced hither and thither in consonance with their own pleasure and fears, with long manes and tails floating to the breeze: only males are ever ridden, the mares being valued alone for their reproductive power or, lacking that, for their hides.

We essayed a few turns at snipe and duck up and down the reedy banks of the stream that separated the stock ranges from a league and a half of grain land; a few plover, egrets, herons, flamingoes and rosy

spoon-bills of gorgeous plumage fell to our guns. We might have bagged any number of the two forms of partridge indigenous to the region had we so elected, since they are so stupid as to permit of being taken from the back of a moving horse by means of a horse-hair noose at the end of a bit of cane. The game of the region, however, is confined to Nandu or South American Ostrich (*Struthio rheca*), and a strange undersized form of fallow deer (*Cervus campestris*), much smaller than that of Europe or the deer of North America, the barren-ground caribou perhaps excepted, and whose flesh, that of adult males especially, is so strongly impregnated with the characteristic musky odor of the species that even the *Guachos*, who possess no scruples as to wolf and jaguar meat, or half putrid and tainted game, will not touch it; even the wild dogs (*Canis jubata*) accept only with manifest reluctance.

A deer was my ambition, partly because of curiosity, partly because I had never ridden to hounds after such noble quarry, but chiefly to verify the tales of naturalists which I suspected should be taken somewhat *cum grano*. Accordingly Mac appointed a run for Christmas Day, when two of his best herders with their dogs would be available.

Firearms have no part in this sport, being barred not only by custom, but held ungentlemanly and unsportsmanlike, though both *lazo* and *boleadores* are permissible should the dogs fail to pull the quarry down. This latter weapon, however, is not to be confounded with the heavy and cumbersome *bolas* of more Southern latitudes, and that consist of two heavy spheres of stone or iron in rawhide jackets, and joined together by three yards or so of twisted and pleated mare's hide; literally "little balls;" they are three in number, often of wood, scarce larger than those of the billiard table, enclosed in horse-hair netting, and joined at a common cen-

ter by strands of the same material perhaps five feet in length. When employed, one is grasped in the hand, its fellows being made to revolve with marvelous rapidity about the performer's head until sufficient momentum is acquired, when all are released, and whirling like chain-shot go off at a tangent that is so accurately calculated they rarely miss their aim. Trivial as the apparatus seems, by entangling the legs, the strongest horse or most powerful bull is stopped in the midst of its wild career and brought headlong to the ground. To hurl the *boleadores* on foot is by no means difficult, but to essay the same feat from the back of a flying steed is quite another matter, and apt to endanger one's own or his horse's ears, besides exciting the contempt of the natives; in my own case, my neck became so entangled that I must have suffered the extremes of the *garrote* had not my windpipe been speedily relieved by application of the knife.

We were awakened at dawn on Christmas morning by the "Latérocks of Arden" as evolved by Mac and Auld Geordie through the medium of bagpipes and battered Kent bugle, while parading backward and forward through the great hall—a performance that spoke volumes for energy, but very little for sentiment; and as if this was not enough the major domo presently kicked in my door demanding a "morning" be taken from a decanter of "Lang John" displayed in his dexter claw, while the sinister bore a tray of delicate glasses, each cut to resemble a Scotch thistle. It seemed strange to find the customs of Auld Scotia persisting in such out-of-the-way corner of civilization, but stranger still to find Christmas ushered in with June-like breezes bearing the odors of roses, jonquils, heliotropes, etc., through the open casements.

Following breakfast we rode forth into the pampa, our party numbering just an honest half-dozen, excluding Pedrillo, a half-breed lad that accom-

panied for some hours in order to be assured of our whereabouts after mid-day, when he would meet us with lunch, and re-mounts also in case such should be needed.

First rode the genial Mac in company with Auld Geordie, the latter bearing his seventy years as jauntily as if they were but a score; then Lieut. Alexander and self, the rear being brought up by the *Guachos*, each armed with *boleadores*. The *personnel* of the latter twain was not especially attractive: they were not exactly the company one would care to meet in a lonely spot of a dark night all un-awares, though Jock declared "both honest enough according to their kind." Enrique—who led at the sureing of his *recado* (pampa saddle), a leash (couple and a-half) of mongrels of mixed native, mastiff and grey-hound strain apparently—certainly was as villainous-looking a piece of humanity as ever threw a knife, twirled a *lazo* or wore horse-hide boots; I am sure the galleys at Cetté could not exhibit an equal. Juan, his half-brother, was a shade more prepossessing, and possibly might have had a semi-civilized aspect if treated to a thorough course of holystone, sand, water, soap and "currier"-brush,\* for nothing less would have served to remove the accumulations of a quarter century; and he was further adorned by a broad purple scar, seaming his left cheek and extending almost from mouth to ear, an evidence of Enrique's fraternal regard bestowed eighteen months before during a drinking-bout at a wayside *posada*. Both were equally expert with knife, *lazo* and *boleadores*, and true sons of the pampa in that neither would have crossed a public square save in the saddle, even were the wealth of the Indies a reward for the effort. Both also bestrode young cattle, four-year-olds, only taken up from the herd a fortnight previous, and

\* An implement employed in connection with holystones for cleaning wood-work in men-o'-war—pronounced Kai-ar.

though sorry looking beasties, possessed of plenty of fire and go; neither had ever been bitted, but were ridden by means of rawhide thongs passed through the rings of the lower head-stall, and tied about the under-jaw—an invariable South American custom ensuring good mouths in a very brief period of time, and rendered necessary by the summary way in which horses are here broken.

After two hours riding with no sign of deer, we postponed the chase until evening—for *campestris* appears in the open only for a brief period early in the morning, and just before sundown, when he is wont to feed,—and turned our attention to ostriches, several flocks of which had gladdened our vision. By noon two fine specimens, a cock-bird and a hen, had been secured out of a *bandada* of seven, both of which were coursed by dogs and brought to earth by means of the *boleadores*; as they were in a semi-moulting state, and consequently unfit for food, we contented ourselves with their jackets, leaving the carcasses to the vultures and wild dogs that here abound. Several flocks were subsequently routed, but all were too nimble of foot, or discovered to be too ragged in plumage to be desirable.

Along in mid-afternoon we joined Pedrillo at the appointed rendezvous, thereby securing a hearty lunch of cassava bread, cheese, and an *asado* of beef (roasted on a spit over the flames) duly washed down with the national beverage, *maté*, or Paraguayan tea, flavored with a trifle of *caná* (native rum.) After this the fresh mounts were put in service, a hammer-headed, cream-colored brute falling to my lot, with whom I did not come to an understanding without vigorous application of whip and spur, beside a couple of falls that completely disgraced me in the eyes of the *Guachos*; but when the struggle was ended I was rewarded by finding him the speediest in the party.

We now set out for a well-watered

bit of pampa broken by forest, where Mac assured us there was "reasonable chance of a find." As a matter of fact, *Cervus campestris* is by no means abundant, yet is little hunted, being no no economic value save for his pelt, which is only utilized to cover pampa saddles. After a few miles we drew up a bit, moving slowly and cautiously, scanning the landscape in every direction. Two or three miles beyond, Enrique suddenly shortened rein and, beckoning us forward, announced a herd of five, a buck and four hinds, down to the right, feeding beside a copse on the border of the woodland that skirted the river—these *Guachos* have eyes like hawks, for our vision was unable to verify the assertion as to either deer or copse, though Mac's field-glass did.

Juan was now despatched down to leeward, first to place himself between the game and the river, and second to drive up to us in the open. Enrique now caught and leashed the hounds that, since coursing the Nandu, had been allowed to run loose, lest they should spoil sport by breaking away prematurely. Since some time must elapse ere the game would be abroad, we dismounted, and stretched along the sward courted patience through the medium of *cigaretos* and pipes.

In due time Enrique announced a commotion amongst the herd, and a moment later that it was fairly afoot. Saddles were immediately looked to, girths tightened, and preparations made for the run, which, we were assured, would not be a brief one.

On came the game, a magnificent buck leading who, from the size of antlers and *advances*, and number of *spillers* and palms, appeared a veritable patriarch among his tribe, as he subsequently really proved to be. They passed us at a spanking gait, with heads and *singles* well up, Juan in their rear yelling and whooping like a fiend. Once fairly in the line of country we desired to follow, spurs were put to our steeds and, catching

up with Juan, all energies were devoted to separating the buck from his harem ere the dogs were loosed; hence we pressed closely from his start, the quicker to tire out and get rid of the undesirable hinds.

For some time the members of the herd held well together, going in fine style—a blanket could almost have covered the lot; but as horses and riders warmed to the work, the pace was too much for the weaker deer, who, one by one, broke away on either side, until presently only the buck and one mistress led the van. And now the dogs were slipped and the real sport began.

The pace speedily became terrific; the ground was good for galloping, and moreover winding is practically unknown among these shoeless pampa horses, accustomed, as they are, to travel at topmost speed from dawn until night without rein being once drawn, or their only rest to have the saddle shifted to the back of another, since they are forced to keep up with the cavalcade, and that, too, oftentimes over ground that would quickly pound the best ironshod thoroughbred hunter. But our steeds were both fresh and eager, and seemingly entered into the spirit of the chase.

Soon we were manifestly gaining, and the hind, which for some moments had been lagging, giving evidence of being nearly blown, (and no wonder, poor thing, for, to our subsequent regret, she proved heavy with fawn), broke away in a final endeavor to escape. Loosening the *boleadores* from saddle-bow, with an abrupt wheel of his steed, Juan shot after her; then with a few flashing circles about his head the spheres leaped from his hand straight for the mark, and entwining the fore-legs, brought the poor creature crashing, kicking, and panting to the sod. Leaping from the saddle the *Guacho* passed a knife through her throat, and then began the removal of her pelt—almost in less time than it takes to tell; and then our cavalcade

swept over a rise in the pampa, and he was lost to view. Meantime, the patriarch, with the dogs at his heels, followed steadily on; but his head was not so high or carried so jauntily, and his *single* (tail) no longer waved tantalizingly to the breeze; evidently his period of ultimate endurance and speed had passed.

Now the ground was like a shaven lawn, a circumstance upon which I congratulated myself, since *bayo blanco* (the cream) was too fiery and nervous for such high rate of speed over rough or broken country. Our host led the van, mounted on a favorite lazo horse that every now and again pricked up ears and ducked his head as if expecting the whirr of the thong. Next, crowding one another, came Auld Geordie and the Lieutenant, riding with a recklessness that spoke little for necks, should either chance to stumble in a *bizcacha* hole, the former a veritable boy in excitement, and deeming it imperative he, of all persons, should be first at the death. I followed, abreast of Enrique, who long before had taken all the conceit from me, for though he had not been remounted and his steed moreover but a raw youngster, rode with grace and ease utterly indescribable, taking less by far out of his mount than any other member of the party; indeed, his scraggy and "gothic" animal was, to all purposes, the freshest of the lot.

I vainly assayed to steady my wayward cream and hold back for the final burst, but he either would not or could not understand being refused his head. It was war to the bitter end between us, and he gave me a harder half-day's task than I ever knew before or since. My back and arms are even now given to aching twinges when the experience is recalled.

The deer was yet fleet and determined, and though manifestly weakening, the race was far from won; and soon he essayed an extra spurt, during which even the dogs found it difficult to hold their own. With the

close of the seventh or eighth mile, the ground began to dip, much to our advantage, and it looked as if we would speedily run in upon the quarry; but when the horses were fairly on the dogs, and the latter less than thirty rods behind the deer, a bit of rough lost us all that had been gained. Two miles more and we were again bounding over smooth sward, gaining at every stride, and presently went thundering up a *coulé* or hollow between two sharp ridges that headed in a broad belt of forest that marked the course of the river. At one high steep point the trees grew to the very edge of the ridge, and here the buck suddenly breasted the ascent, at which we went also, plying whip and spur utterly unmindful of our cattle, for should the game once enter the forest, we might whistle for his head.

*Buyo* now took the lead—I was no way loath he should have his own way,—and speedily put half a dozen lengths between us and all rivals. And now, for a few seconds, it was a terrific struggle; but a few yards from the top, when another dozen of leaps would have ensured his safety, the deer was overrun by the dogs, who seized him by the throat bearing him heavily to earth. Flinging myself from the saddle I rushed into the *melée*, and seizing one of the beams of the great antlers vainly endeavored to drive the blade of a pocket-knife into the buck's weasand. An instant later Mac was beside me and brought his hunting-blade into play, when with a rush of crimson and a great sigh, the patriarch yielded up the ghost. A wild waving of hats, shaking of hands and general congratulations crowned the victory; and then Enrique set to work to despoil the quarry of his skin and antlers, a procedure that caused a speedy stampede to the windward, so intensely overpowering was the musky odor.

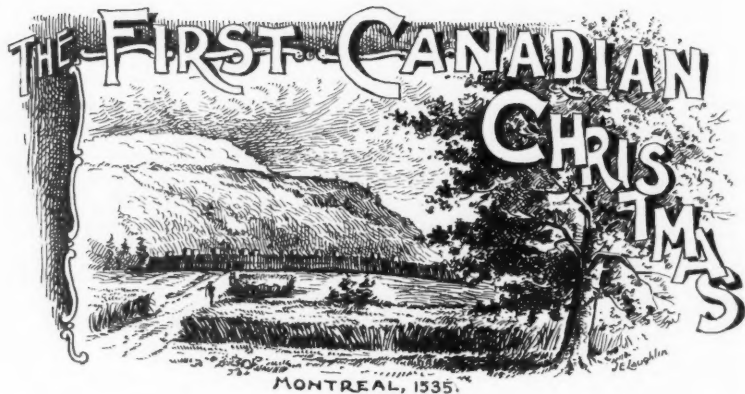
On our way back we picked up Juan, who had secured the pelt of the doe—much the finer of the two, by

the way, and less offensive as to odor; there also hung from his *recado* a foetal fawn, esteemed a great delicacy by "men of the pampas," inasmuch as it is free from the nauseating effluvia that obtains to adults.

At dusk we rode into the courtyard of the *estancia*, well wearied, but eager for the table; and having removed the traces of the chase we sat down to a bounteous Christmas feast that offered not only the customary Anglo-Saxon delicacies, but likewise such novelties as roast *carpincho* (water hog), and *armadillo* baked in its armor—the latter especially a dish not to be despised.

Afterwards came a *bullio*, the *Gua-chos* for leagues around assembling in clean handkerchiefs and much bedollared *chiropas* and *calconicellas*, their black-eyed sweethearts with glossy braids, white and pink *chemisetitas* and many-colored *rebosas*, when the great hall resounded to the scraping of violins, and twanging guitars, echoed by merry laugh, and the sound of tripping feet. Even "Senor Medico" trod a measure with such success as to convince the natives his early education had not been entirely neglected; and when he essayed a Highland Fling to the accompaniment of the bagpipe, the like of which had never been seen in Banda-Oriental—or elsewhere for that matter,—the assemblage with wondrous unanimity voted him a *buffonillo*; and little later as the result of timeworn tricks with cards, supplemented by slight of hand and ventriloquist performances, was bestowed the brevet of *mucho endemoniado* ("a good deal of a Devil"), a rank by no means to be sneezed at in such august company.

For three days the festivities persisted; dancing, card-playing and feasting at night; horse-racing and cock-fighting by day; love-making and *cana* and *maté* drinking at all hours; and it was not until the *fiesta* broke up with a grand *zuma cueca* that we could again resume our hunting.



BY J. H. LONG.\*

**J**UTTING out towards the Cornish coast lies that quaint corner of

France, that home of legend, the Province of Brittany. In its ruined towers, its Druid stones, its wayside crosses, it speaks to us of "Arthur and his Table Round," of simple faith, of many a fight for Church and King. A land it is of thoughtful, earnest folk, full of trust in God and of love for their ancient Celtic tongue; credulous, perchance, and untutored, but honest and fearless as their ocean waves.

Out on this storm-swept coast lies the little city of St. Malo, with its narrow streets and frowning fortress: St. Malo, whose burghers are proud of their sea-dogs, who, under Duguay Trouin and others, chased the fleets of England round her coasts.

Had we chanced to be in this quaint old town in the month of May, 1535, we should have found it all bustle and excitement; and, asking the first sailor we met what was the cause thereof, we should be told that the Captain Jacques Cartier was about to voyage for the New World. Hurrying hither and thither, the sailors are taking a long farewell of loved ones. For it was no holiday trip, this cross-

ing of the Atlantic then, as it is now. There were then no Ocean Greyhounds, no well-defined lines of travel, no light-houses on dangerous coasts. But more. "The rocks and shores had, so thought the voyagers, other tenants than the seal, the walrus, the screaming sea-fowl, and the wild natives in their seal skins." Griffins, so ran the story, infested the mountains of Labrador. Two islands north of Labrador were given over to the fiends, from whom they derived their name, "The Isles of Devils."

Not that no voyages had ere this been made to western lands. Columbus, the Cabots, Cortéreal, and others had crossed the ocean; while Spain, Portugal, and England alike were dreaming of a shorter route to India and of golden lands beyond the sea. France, however, entered late upon the scene, for her energies had been engrossed in the wars against Charles the Fifth. It is true that her fishermen had visited the Banks of Newfoundland; that Denis of Honfleur and Aubert of Dieppe had sailed into the Gulf of St. Lawrence; that De Léry had attempted to colonize Sable Island, the sole memorial of which attempt remains in the wild cattle still roaming that "ocean graveyard." But these ventures were only transient in their re-

\*The writer must acknowledge his obligation to M. Earnest Myrand of Quebec, author of that very interesting book, "*Une fête de Noël*."

His  
La G

sults; and France saw her supremacy on the sea passing away from her.

Thus it was that, in 1534, Canada was still a *terra incognita*. But time is ever ready with her man; when the hour had struck, the hero appears. That man and hero was Jacques Cartier, the Captain of St. Malo. Bred to the sea, of hardy Breton stock, Cartier had, no doubt, made voyages to the Fishing Banks. In 1534, indeed, he had reached the coast of Newfoundland, and, entering the present Bay of Chaleurs, had erected on the Gaspé headland a cross with the lily shield and the words, *Vive le roi de France*. But the season was advanced; and so, having sailed up the gulf and river a little way, he returned to St. Malo, bearing with him, as willing to accompany him, the sons of a native chieftain.

The accounts of the new land so impressed the King that Cartier was enabled to fit out a second expedition. The curtain was about to rise upon the real history of Canada. Thus, could we have found ourselves in St. Malo on that spring morning, 360 years ago, we should have met throngs of sailors and their friends hurrying to the Cathedral, where, having confessed and said mass, they received the blessing of the good bishop, and then bade farewell to parent, child, and wife. Yes, as D'Arcy McGee says in his poem:

"In the seaport of St. Malo,  
'Twas a smiling morn in May,  
When the commodore, Jacques Cartier,  
To the westward sailed away.  
In the crowded old cathedral  
All the town were on their knees,  
For the safe return of kinsmen  
From the undiscovered seas."

His fleet consisted of three ships:—  
*La Grande Hermine* of 120 tons; *La*

*Petite Hermine* of 60 tons, and *L'Émérillon* of 40 tons; with, all told, 110 men. The little squadron, dispersed by adverse winds, did not reach the mouth of the St. Lawrence until the middle of July; and, on the 10th of August, the Feast of St. Laurent, it entered a little bay forming part of our great gulf known since by the name of that saint.

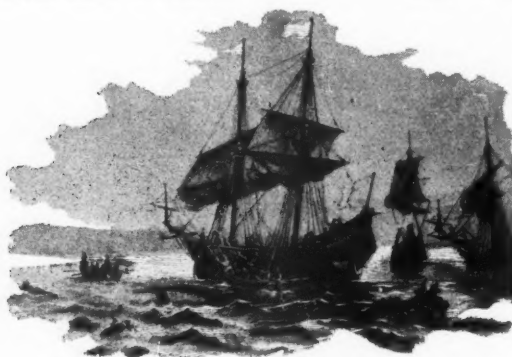
Cartier now made his way up the River toward the heart of the Continent. Who can paint his feelings as,



JACQUES CARTIER.

day by day, he saw its mighty bosom stretch ever before him? Above, the blue Canadian sky, flecked here and there with little clouds or crossed by an eagle's flight; on either side, the shores coming ever nearer and fringed with their forest trees. Past the Rocher Percé he sailed; past the mouth of the Saguenay, the gloomy portal of the abode of the lost; past Cape Tourmente, until at last he dropped anchor at the Isle of Bacchus, now the Isle of Orleans. "Indians," we read, "came

swarming from the shores, paddled their canoes about the ships, and clambered on the decks to gaze at the novel scene and to listen to the story of their comrades whom Cartier had taken home to France."



CARTIER ARRIVES AT STADACONA.

As he drew near the opening of the channel, the river again spread out before him; and then he, first of white men, gazed upon that scene of wondrous beauty. As Parkman writes, "Clothed in the mystery of solitude, breathing the stern poetry of the wilderness, rose the cliffs now rich with historic memories; where Frontenac cast defiance at his foes; where Wolfe, Montcalm and Montgomery fell. As yet all was a nameless barbarism; and a cluster of wigwams held the site of the rock-built city of Quebec."

Friendly visits were exchanged between Cartier and the Chief, Donnacona; and Cartier learned that Stadacona, the Indian village at this point, was not the metropolis of the region. That honor belonged to a town some days' journey farther up. From his resolve to visit that town the Indians tried in many ways to dissuade him. The god Condouagny would, they said, send storms of rain and hail if the white man persisted in travelling toward the setting sun. But Cartier made light of their fears; and, having towed his two larger vessels within

the mouth of the St. Charles, he, with the galleon, two open boats, and about 50 men, made his way toward Hochelaga. But there had been then no Lake St. Peter Channel improvements; and, as a consequence, the galleon stranded. She was left where she was, and the party proceeded in the open boats, at last reaching the spot where Montreal now stands, and finding the shore lined with Indians, who welcomed the strangers with gifts and food.

The next day at dawn the French exchanged courtesies with the chiefs, and marched, panoplied and armed, to the capital city, Hochelaga. Around it were the ripened maize fields, and enclosing it were the palisades, with ladders, magazines and weapons; for this was the Iroquois' stronghold. Within were the Indian houses, each house containing several fires and families; while, in the centre of the enclosure, was a large, open square. Into this square crowded the inhabitants, examining the faces, clothes, and arms of the bearded strangers. When the ground had been covered with mats, the chief was borne in, weak, crippled, and old. He made a feeble sign of welcome, and then implored the healing touch of the French captain. Cartier complied; and forthwith all the lame, the halt, the blind, crowded about him as if he were a god. Cartier, thus appealed to, read to them the Gospel of St. John, made the sign of the Cross, and uttered a prayer, finishing with the reading of Christ's passion and death, all in French, and to all of which the natives listened with respectful attention. This was followed, of course, by an exchange of presents, and, as a finale, by a blast of the French bugles.

Cartier and his party now marched through the gate toward the height

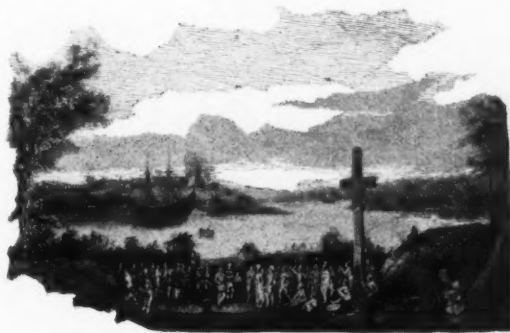
called by him Mount Royal. With the aid of friendly guides this height was climbed; and, as Parkman says: "From the summit that noble prospect met his eye which, at this day, is the delight of tourists; but, strangely changed since, first of white men, the Breton voyageur gazed upon it. Tower and dome and spire: congregated roofs, white sail, and gliding steamer now animate its vast expanse. Cartier saw a different scene. East, west, and south, the mantling forest was over all; and the broad blue ribbon of the great river glistened amid a realm of verdure. Beyond, to the bounds of Mexico, stretched a leafy desert; and the vast hive of industry, the mighty battle-ground of later centuries, lay sunk in savage torpor, wrapped in the illimitable woods."

Planting a cross with the *Fleur-de-llys* on Mt. Royal, the French retraced their way to Stadacona. There they found that their comrades had built a fort, in front of which their ships lay moored. This fort stood at the junction of the Lairet and the St. Charles, the St. Charles at that time being called the Ste. Croix. Here the little company proceeded to pass the winter; and thus began one of the most touching episodes in Canadian annals: this long winter vigil. Soon the nights became cold, and the landscape white with snow. The sailors were not prepared for the rigors of the climate; and this was a season of exceptional severity. The snow fell to a depth of four feet above the level of the ships, and the ice in the Ste. Croix was ten feet thick.

This then, is what we should have seen, had we been set down at Quebec in that eventful winter. Just under the fort are two buildings of planks, like sheds, with sharp roofs, but no dormer windows. Through the roof a

chimney sends up its smoke; and, at the end of one building, there is a little belfry. Beneath these shelters lie Cartier's ships. The sailors had lowered the topmasts, and covered the decks. But even this did not keep out the cold. It was so cold that the liquors froze in the casks, and the bulwarks, spars, and cordage were one mass of ice. We can but faintly imagine the feelings of these brave men as the snow grew deeper and the cold more bitter. But they did not despair; for they had stout hearts, loyalty to their king, and trust in God. So they piled the wood into the rude Norman stoves, sang their sea-songs, and retold the ancient Breton legends.

For a time, everything went fairly well. It is true, the Indians had become somewhat suspicious: their curiosity was satisfied, and they began to show their native cupidity. Gradually they ceased their friendly visits, and guards were set against a possible attack. But this was a minor matter; a far greater calamity now appeared, a dread malady broke out among the crews. Day by day its ravages increased; and it seemed as if none



CARTIER AND THE INDIANS.

would see their native land. Thus drew nigh the birth of Christ, the first Christmas in Canada.

Let us approach the vessels on Christmas Eve. Making our way through the forest—taking care not to

alarm the Indians—we find ourselves at *La Grande Hermine*. Opening the hatchway, we are greeted by a puff of air, fragrant with incense, burning tapers, and the odor of the spruce; and there falls upon our ears the Gospel of the first of the Christmas masses in the sonorous tones of the chaplain, Dom Guillaume Le Breton.

Descending, we find ourselves in the battery-room. The guns are garlanded with green; and the sides are bright with festoons of branches, living plants, and moss. The port-holes, wreathed with evergreens, bear, on the starboard side, the word "France," on the port side "Bretagne." Aft is the altar: a table supported upon bundles of oars, and covered with linen cloth. Behind is a great panoply of the arms of the crew arranged like a fan; daggers, pistols as large as carbines, arquebuses, gauntlets, coats of mail—all the weapons of that decaying age of feudalism. Above the altar is a baldaquin ingeniously wrought of the ship's rigging, with a background of sails: the word "St. Malo" in the centre, and the canvas marked by the ship's emblems, the ermine, the falcon, the curlew. At the side of the altar, is an old picture on wood, of the Virgin and her Child, a picture given to Jacques Cartier, as a safeguard of the voyage, by the Prior of the abbey of Rocamadour, and dating back to the time of Charlemagne. Ranged in the centre of the room are fifty men, all who remain safe and sound from the crew. There they stand in a body, honest Norman and Breton sailors, with a few gentlemen of France, our first pioneers, the men who opened up Canada to civilization.

At their head stands Jacques Cartier; at his right, his brother-in-law, Jalobert, captain of *La Petite Hermine*; at his left, Bastille, captain of *L'Émérillon* Cartier, Canada's earliest hero is tall, but bends forward somewhat, as if scanning the horizon; the eye large and limpid; the nose long

and rather thin; the mouth firm and commanding; the beard black and pointed, after the fashion of the time—a man you would choose from a hundred for your leader. While our eyes are wandering from the altar to the men, and then about the room, we hear the strong, clear voice of Jean Hamel singing that grand old chant, "Adeste, fideles laeti triumphantes," the sailors taking up the refrain, "Venite, adoremus; venite adoremus; venite, adoremus Dominion." And, as they sing, they see by the gleam of their burning tapers, not their lonely surroundings, but their dear Breton and Norman homes; their ships are no longer frozen in among the forests of the west, but ride safe at anchor under the walls of St. Malo.

But let us hasten to the other ships. Descending the hatchway of *La Petite Hermine*, we find ourselves in a far different scene. Three binnacle lamps suspended from the ceiling dimly light up the open space; and little trundle beds have taken the place of the guns. We are in the hospital of the expedition. Side by side lie those stricken down by the plague. As we pass, we see the convulsive movements and the distorted features, we hear the groans and cries, and we watch the approach of the stupor of death. Slowly moving up and down, the good chaplain gives his words of cheer, and catches the broken messages to loved ones at home that escape from swollen lips and parched throat. Then he steps forward and recites the prayers of the Nativity, the sailors joining in the responses. This done, their captain orders the bugle sound of the morning watch; and, as it rings o'er hill and rock and river, they rise from their cots, as best they can, these worn, weary men, and shout to their comrades the welcomes of that first Canadian Christmas morn. Yes, and turning their faces towards the East, they

almost hear the carols from the shores of France.

But we must pass on: there is another ship to visit, *L'Emérillon*. From the *La Petite Ermine* we reach the open air, so fresh and sweet; and hear the sentinels changing guard as we pass the fort: for the little ship lies at some distance from the others. Entering, we find ourselves in the fore-castle, which a lamp from the ceiling but dimly lights. Through the open port-holes comes a fitful breeze. And there, in the centre of the room, lies a rude coffin, and within it the first of the victims of the plague. Very touching was that first funeral in Canada. While we wait, the body has become hard and cold. Then enter certain officers and men, and the simple rite begins. The "De Profundis" and the "Pater Noster" are sung; and the saints are called upon; St. Philip, the patron of the dead sailor, St. Malo of the City, St. Louis of the King. The little procession now files past the coffin, each comrade kissing the dead lad, and dropping upon the body a spray of evergreen; while the last one takes the taper from his hand, to carry it to the mother across the sea. The first, I have said, of the victims of the plague; for of the 110 men of the fleet, 26 died. Jacques Cartier writes, in his quiet way, that only 10 men were sound, so that—piteous thing to see—the living could not wait upon the dead. Again he writes, "There are in the whole fleet not three well men, and in one of our ships there is no one at all able to bring a

drink of water to his dying comrades."

This was why they buried the dead upon the ice of the *Lairret*; that, in case any were alive in the spring, the bodies might be laid in the ground; but, in case all were dead, they might be carried out to sea. "For," as they said, "the ocean is the home and the death-bed of the sailors of France. Better that the sea should be their grave than that they should be the



CARTIER LEARNS THE SECRET OF THE CURE.

prey of the wild beasts of the forest!"

But lo! as we look through the port-holes of the now empty ship, we see the sun just lighting up the first Canadian Christmas Day.

Week by week the malady increased. They appealed to the saints; they affixed an image of the Virgin to a tree; they knelt, worn, weary and bleeding, in the snow, and said their litanies. But all was in vain. Day by day the dead were carried

forth; day by day the strong were stricken down; until, one day, Cartier met an Indian who had himself suffered from the disease and had recovered. From him he learned the secret of the cure; it was the decoction of an evergreen, the ameda. The sick men drank eagerly of the draught, and health and strength returned.

By this time the first signs of spring had appeared; the sun had grown warmer, the air had taken in the freshness of the new year. At last the ice in the river began to move; first in the St. Lawrence, then in the St. Charles, and then in the Laitet. No time was lost in fitting out for the return voyage. Enough had been learned to fire the hearts of their countrymen at home. They had heard of lands of gems and gold, away to the West; of lands of vines and maize fields—yes, of lands where white men dwelt, it was said, like unto themselves. But who would believe them as they told these tales? "Will they take our word?" Cartier asked himself. Were it not better that the Indians should relate these marvels to the king? And were it not a goodly thing that these Indians should be civilized and Christianized? Thus he argued with himself; and at last he did that one thing which has stained his memory; he lured Donnacona and nine brother chiefs into the fort, had them seized, put upon shipboard, and taken to France. They were, it is true, treated with all kindness; they were baptized in the old Cathedral of Rouen. But none of them returned to Canada; they died in exile, far from their native land.

But we are anticipating. The cross was once more set up, with the *Fleur-de-lys*; the sails were spread to the breeze; and the two larger ships—the *Emérillon* being left behind, for she was old and infirm even when she had sailed—turned their prows towards the East. In July, 1536, they sighted

the Breton coast, and soon were moored in the harbor of St. Malo.

Thus ended the most memorable voyage in Canadian history; most memorable, not only because it opened Canada to the Old World, but also because of its almost insurmountable difficulties. For it was not merely a voyage across the Atlantic, as was that of Cabot or of Columbus. It was, added to this, the navigation, for 900 miles, of an unknown and dangerous river; it was the wintering in a new world amidst hostile Indians and in a season of unexampled severity. Well, then, might St. Malo rejoice when the ships came home. Well might the cathedral be filled with happy and reverent worshippers. Yes, and each home with eager listeners to the tales of the wonders of the Western land; of the forests, the mountains, the fertile plains; above all, of our own St. Lawrence,

"Whose mighty current gave  
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's  
briny wave;  
As he told them of the glorious scene presented to their sight,  
What time he reared the Cross and Crown on  
Hochela's height  
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada  
the key;  
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier  
from his perils o'er the sea."

Yes, and well it is that there stands to-day upon the banks of the old St. Charles, for all time, a memorial of that band of heroes. A granite monument it is, surrounded by a cross of masts and sails. Below are the arms of St. Malo; and, on the side, these words: "Jacques Cartier and his comrades, the sailors of *La Grand Hermine*, *La Petite Hermine* and *L'Emérillon* passed here the winter of 1535-6." This spot is, to my mind, the most historic in all our broad Dominion; for it is where one, and the first, of the two great races whence Canadians are sprung, obtained its earliest foothold on Canadian soil.

## THE LOYALISTS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY A SON OF THE LOYALISTS.

WHEN the American Revolution came to an end, and England made her peace with the seceders, she was so bent on being generous to her enemies that she failed in common justice to the friends who had staked all upon her fidelity and prowess. The war, made possible by the selfish stupidity of parliament in denying to the colonists the rights of free British subjects, was a stinging humiliation to the motherland before the eyes of all peoples. But more humiliating beyond measure was the peace which abandoned the Loyalists to their fate. The treaty made no provision for them, except that it pledged congress to commend them to the kind consideration of the various States! This clause of the treaty called forth indignant protest, both in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords. Wilberforce said, "When I consider the case of the Loyalists I confess I there feel myself conquered; I there see my country humiliated; I see her at the feet of America." Lord Sackville said, "A peace founded on the sacrifice of these unhappy subjects must be accursed in the sight of God and man." The worried ministry, however, pleaded necessity. In piteous tones they protested—"We had but the alternative either to accept the terms proposed, or continue the war." But the honor of England demanded that her last penny should be spent, her last sword shattered in war, before she forsook those whom she was bound by every tie to defend. The compensations which, as we shall presently see, she afterwards granted to the Loyalists, were but the tardy rendering of a partial justice.

But the destiny that governs na-

tions was working to great ends. It was decreed that of stern and well-tried stuff should be built a nation to inherit the northern half of this continent. The migration of the Loyalists will some day come to be recognized as one of those movements which have changed the course of history. It will be acknowledged as not less significant and far-reaching in its results than the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. For, without detracting from the achievement of our French fellow-citizens, who have moulded a great province, it is but truth to say that the United Empire Loyalists were the makers of Canada. They brought to the making about 30,000 people of the choicest stock the colonies could boast. They were an army of leaders, for it was the loftiest heads which attracted the wrath of the revolutionists. The most influential judges, the most distinguished lawyers, the most highly educated of the clergy, the members of council of the various colonies, the crown officials, people of culture and social distinction, these, with the faithful few whose fortunes followed theirs, were the Loyalists. Canada owes deep gratitude indeed to her southern kinsmen, who thus, from Maine to Georgia, picked out their choicest spirits and sent them forth to people her northern wilds.

For those of the Loyalists who were loyal because of the offices which they held under the Crown, trouble of course began long before the outbreak of the war. This was especially the case in Massachusetts, where indignant patriots proved their patriotism by burning Governor Hutchinson's mansion, mobbing sheriffs and judges, driving feeble old men

into the woods, and heaping foul insults upon the wives and daughters of officials. Where the violence was directed merely against crown officers in the act of enforcing obnoxious statutes, of course much allowance must be made. When collectors of the tea duty, or officers executing the Stamp Act, were tarred and feathered, such ebullitions may be regarded as merely an energetic form of protest. But the violence of protest soon deepened into the violence of persecution. On the approach of war the line between the Loyalists and Revolutionists widened to a gulf of hate. Many of the Loyalists could not have been other than loyal, because their sense of duty forbade them to rebel, although they were ready enough to seek redress of grievances in a constitutional way. Yet others again, divided in their sympathies, not certain as to the right course, or merely averse to the miseries of war, hesitated. But all these alike, in the eyes of the revolutionary party, were traitors. The word traitor was put to a novel use when it was applied to the Loyalists.

When Gage, outgeneralled by Washington at the very beginning of the war, evacuated Boston, he took with him hundreds of loyal citizens, who dared not trust their lives to the men of Massachusetts. A little later, after the capture of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga, the ladies belonging to that army were grossly insulted during their captivity in Boston. These ladies were not Loyalists, but the wives of English or German officers. With Loyalist women it was far worse. The wife and daughter of an absent Loyalist, Captain Fenton, were stripped naked, tarred and feathered, and led about the city by the chivalrous citizens of Boston. It has been well asked by a distinguished historian "Were not the Loyalists, Americans, and did not their wrongs exceed any of those done to Americans by the king?"

Where, as was the case in parts of the south, the population was fairly divided between Loyalist and Revolutionist, the fight was waged with intense ferocity, and dreadful barbarisms were practiced on both sides. Noted partizan leaders arose, like Tarleton on the loyal side, Marion on the side of the Revolutionists. Adventurous chiefs like these gathered troops of followers, who smarted to avenge either public or private, real or fancied, wrongs; and a vindictive guerilla warfare was waged. Each side did cruel outrage in the name of the cause which it held sacred.

When at length peace was declared, terrible was the case of the vanquished. Peace should sheath the sword, and bring forgetfulness of vengeance; but this peace meant the opportunity of the victors. It was followed by barbarities which put a stain on the escutcheon of the young Republic. The state governments deliberately plundered, and drove out in abject poverty men guilty of nothing but fair fight in a lawful cause. At Charleston, when the king's troops sailed away, the spectacle that greeted their backward gaze was one that English cheeks must blush to think of. The bodies of twenty-four Loyalists, abandoned to their foes by the country they had fought for, swung from a row of gibbets on the wharf. It is not civilization, but blind barbarism, that takes such vengeance upon the vanquished. Men like Washington, Hamilton, Jay, Greene, jealous for the honor of their cause, protested, but in vain. At length the cry that went up from the suffering Loyalists grew so bitter that England tardily gave ear.

Sir Guy Carleton was the chief mover in the work of rescue, but Governor Haldimand in Quebec and Governor Parr in Nova Scotia lent effective aid. It was decided that the refugees should be located in Western Canada, in Nova Scotia, and on the Island of St. John; that they should be given grants of land according to

their rank and standing, in extent from one hundred acres up to several thousand; and that they should be fed by the government till their lands should begin to make return. The Loyalists of the Atlantic coast gathered in the seaport towns, where ships were speedily provided. Others, dwelling inland, were directed to make their rendezvous at Niagara, Sackett's Harbor, Oswego, and the foot of Lake Champlain. In the year 1783, the great exodus took place, and the Loyalists flocked across the border into the land which they and their descendants have made great. They divided into two main streams, one moving eastward to the Maritime Provinces, the other flowing westward to the region north of the lakes.

From 1783 to 1790 the British Government kept commissioners at work inquiring into the claims of the Loyalists and granting them partial indemnities. The total amount paid out by Great Britain in this way was nearly \$15,000,000, which does not include the value of the general land grants, implements, and supplies of food which were issued. The sons of the Loyalists, on coming of age, were entitled to certain grants and privileges. In 1789, therefore, was compiled that roll of honor known as the United Empire List, consisting of the names of all the Loyalists who had fled out of the republic during the previous five years. These were to be known thenceforward as the United Empire Loyalists, and after their names they were entitled to place the letters U. E. L.

Among the supplies granted to the loyal immigrants, were tools for building their houses, and implements for clearing and tilling their lands. A few of the settlements were so fortunate as to receive portable mills for the grinding of their grain. The greater number of the pioneers, however, in Upper Canada at least, had no such luxuries as mills. Their grain was chiefly Indian corn and wild rice. These they

crushed between stones, or with an axe; and with the broken stuff they made a rough bread. But this clumsy process was soon superseded by the "hominy block,"—a hardwood stump with a large hollow burned in the top of it. In this hollow the grain was pounded with a great wooden rammer or "plumper." Sometimes a "hominy block" was large enough to hold a bushel or two of grain at a time; and in such a case the grinding was done by a stone with a heavily-weighted "sweep," or long pole, attached to it. Of course, as prosperity advanced these primitive contrivances were soon set aside, and grist mills took their place.

As the settlers felled the great trees which covered their domains, they used the logs to build their cabins and their barns. Such sawed lumber as they absolutely required, they got out laboriously with the "whip saw" and "cross-cut." Many of these men were quite new to the use of axe and saw. Not a few had been accustomed to life in social centres; but now they made their homes in harshest isolation. Often miles of savage forest severed them from their nearest neighbors. They had been used to snug cottages, well-stored, roomy farm-houses, or perhaps to those stately old colonial mansions wherein reigned a hospitality all but princely. Now they betook themselves to a log dwelling, often with but one room and one window. Its roof would be mere sheets of bark stretched on a layer of poles; its chinks would be stuffed with moss and clay to keep out the wind. Their chimneys at first were perilous structures of sticks and clay. As soon as possible, however, they reproduced the ample chimneys of their former dwellings, built of rough stone or coarse and ill shaped brick; and thousands of such chimneys stand to this day, occupying a hugely disproportionate space in the houses which they both serve and dominate.

Into these rude first dwellings of the Loyalists came some articles of

luxury, brought from rich homes on the Susquehannah, the Hudson, or the Connecticut. To-day the sons of the Loyalists point with pride to tall, old clocks, to time-stained chairs and "secretaries," that shared the changed fortunes of their ancient owners and withstood the rough journey from the world into the wilderness. Some of the Loyalist cabins, however, had no furniture but a bed made of four poles, with strips of bass-wood bark woven between them. The toil of clearing and planting sometimes left no time for the construction of luxuries like chairs and tables. The saving of actual famine took all the settlers' energies. In parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, of course, where the way was already opened up by older settlers the new comers had less hardships to endure; but by far the greater portion of the country allotted to the Loyalists was remote and unbroken wilderness.

In the subduing of this wilderness, the Loyalists were not at first convincingly successful. Many of them, as we have seen, were by no means fitted for the life into which they had been so harshly thrust. In 1787, just when they were being thrown upon their own resources by the Government, the stubborn soil rebelled against its new masters and the crops failed. This was in the lake region.

Though the Government had only undertaken to feed the immigrants for three years, some of the more shiftless among them had made no provision for the time when this help would cease. Others, who had done their best, had yet been unfortunate in the battle with frost and wild beasts. The following year, 1788, was one of the bitterest privation, till a rich harvest ended the anguish. Its memory comes down to us under the name of the "Hungry Year." The people had to dig those wild, tuberous roots which children know as "ground nuts." Butternuts and beech-nuts were sought with eager pains. Men sold their

farms for a little flour, or even the coarsest bran. The early buds of the bass-wood were gathered and boiled, with the weed called "lambs-quarters," and pig weed, and the wild "Indian cabbage." Game of all sorts was fairly abundant,—deer, rabbits, turkeys, pigeons; but powder and shot were scarce. Gaunt men crept about with poles, striving to knock down the wild pigeons; or they angled all day with awkward, home-made hocks for a few chub or perch to keep their families from starvation. In one settlement a beef-bone was passed from house to house, that each household might boil it a little while and so get a flavor in the pot of unsalted bran soup. A few of the weak and aged actually died of starvation during these famine months; and others were poisoned by eating noxious roots which they had grubbed up in the woods. As the summer wore on, however, the heads of wheat, oats, and barley began to grow plump. People gathered hungrily to the fields, to pluck and devour the green heads. Boiled, these were a luxury; and hope stole back to the starving settlement.

But this year had marked the climax of their trials; and thenceforward the Loyalists of Upper Canada made swift progress. At the very beginning they had realized the value of co-operation; and instead of each man painfully levelling his own patch of forest, hauling his own logs, building his own meagre cabin, a system of "frolics" or "bees" was instituted. There were "chopping frolics," and "building bees." Later, when the cleared fields began to yield generous crops, and the frame-house little by little took the place of the log-cabin or shanty, then came "husking bees" and "framing bees." When a new homestead was to be raised, along the raw roads and "blazed" trails the men of the townships came flocking to the neighbourly task. On such occasions, (when once the first hard years were over), there was free mirth

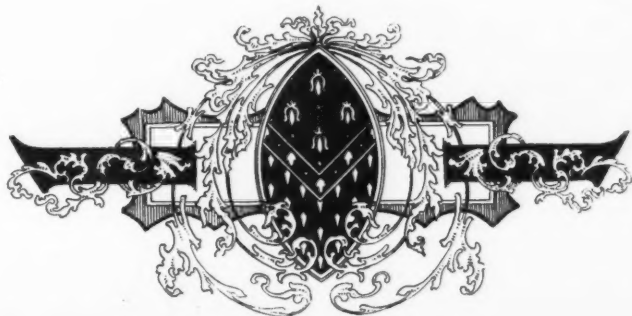
and rough but wholesome abundance. The daring of wolves and bears made pork, mutton, and beef all too scarce; but venison and wild turkeys were on hand; with pies of wild fruit, and pyramids of smoking corn-bread or "johnny-cake." A delicacy much favored at these festivities was known as "pumpkin-cake," which consisted of a mixture of boiled pumpkin and cornmeal, sweetened with maple sugar, spiced, and baked. Or it was made without sweetening, and eaten with butter. At such festivals, as at ordinary times, the spoons and dishes used were generally of wood, the white fine-grained wood of the poplar being preferred for the purpose. Little by little these wooden utensils were replaced by pewter, which came to the pioneer's door in the packs of occasional Yankee peddlers. This pewter, under much scouring, was made to shine like silver.

Long after our Loyalist fathers had learned to satisfy their robust appetites with generous and varied backwoods fare, their dress kept its primitive simplicity. At first, of course, they had the ordinary costumes of the pre-revolution time which they brought with them. These, in the case of the wealthier classes, were quite too gorgeous and elaborate for wear in the woods. The men would outshine the most dazzling belle of our more sober day. Imagine a Robinson, a Van

Alstine, a Delancy, in the woods, dressed in a white flapping frock coat of blue damask lined with velvet, white satin waistcoat, black satin tight knee-breeches, white silk stockings, and red morroco slippers with huge silver buckles covering the whole instep; or in a pea-green coat, white silk vest, and yellow nankeen knee-breeches, with garter-bows dangling to the ankles. Perhaps for informal occasions the Loyalist gentry would be content with stockings of some dark hue, and wide-skirted coat of snuff-color, bottle green, or claret. Certain it is, however, that most of the Loyalists had small choice in the matter of clothes, after they had been a year or two in the new land. As speedily as possible flax and hemp were grown, and the clacking loom became an institution in every settlers cabin. Coarse linen was woven; and blankets of hemp mixed with hair from hides. But wool was long a scarce article, owing to the fondness of Canadian wolves for Loyalist sheep. Many a bride among the Loyalists had nothing but deerskin for her wedding garment.

But the stubborn energy of these pioneers, which had made them so obnoxious to their adversaries, in due course carved success out of misfortune. The Canada of to-day is their monument.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS



## OH, MY COLLEEN !

*An Outline.*

BY "KIT."

HER limbs trembled as she stood waiting on the shabby landing outside the parlor door. There was no sound from the inside, but she knew they were there. A queer "something" rose in her throat, and she put up her hands to untie the little black muffler that lay close about her neck. She could hear the clinking of glasses in the bar below, and the loud laughter of the Mullingar jobbers as they joked with the good-natured bar-maid, Miss Roach. A waiter passed by with a steaming jug of hot water on his tray, and glasses, and sugar-basin, and the fat, black whiskey-bottle. Some one was going to make punch.

She wondered vaguely why they never put lemon-peel in the punch they make in Ireland. It was an English fashion, she once heard her father say. He wouldn't do it because he hated everything English.

At that moment, she remembered, oddly enough, how angry her father had been with "Mickeen"—the old butler, gardener and coachman rolled into one, that they had at home—when, one night that some "quality" were dining at the old house, Mickeen dared to set a couple of lemons on the punch-tray. Poor Mickeen ! how small and shrunken he looked in one of "the masther's" old evening suits as he shambled out that night with a lemon in each hand and a "flay in his ear," as he afterwards told old Betty in the kitchen, "Begob, he near kilt me wid the look he put on me."

The girl nearly laughed out as she thought of it.

Just then, the low sound of voices came from the room, piercing the closed door—Irish voices, with the

sweet, soft cadences of educated brogue, the voices she had *starved* for so long. Her heart beat shockingly for a moment. She felt as if she were dying. Then she turned the door-knob quickly and went in.

She could not see them at first. A black shadow danced before her eyes, and weights seemed to grow at her heels. She could not step quickly, to save her life. Then, as she waited—waited for the shaking in her limbs to cease, and the weights to lift from her feet, the shadow melted into the glow of the firelight and she saw them.

He—her father—stood upright before the fire, facing her as she entered. A great figure—a tall, deep-breasted, big man, with generous arms outspread waiting for his little girl, his Colleen, his *gra-chree* ! It was the attitude of Christ on the cross—all-embracing, beautiful. His face shone with a great light of joy, and longing, and expectancy—a holy light.

"Here she is," he said in a whisper to that other waiting figure. "Here she is, Mary."

He never moved a step toward the slight figure that stood just inside the door. He never changed his position. His mighty arms were still outstretched waiting for her. And she could not come. Not yet.

She turned her gaze from her father to the bent figure in the chair. She looked—after ten years—on her mother's face—the thin, delicate, blind face. Just now, it was a listening face, with that air of patient quiet upon it that makes the pathos of blind faces so heart-breaking a thing to see. The fire blazed merrily in the wide grate, and the clock on the chimney-piece

made a great to-do in the silence. The girl walked laggingly across the room towards the wide arms stretched there for her. "Would those weights never lift?" she thought, as she dragged one foot after the other over the shabby carpet. A step more and he reached and caught her, and wrapped his great arms about her, telling her she was home. Home! His own little girl! His *gra-cheen*! His Colleen! Home! In the shelter at last!

After that came a silence. The waiting figure in the chair turned slightly towards them, but they never saw it. His head was bent above the girl's fair hair, and a great tear, like a dewdrop, rolled softly upon the shining coils. He was whispering a prayer, a strong, deep, thankful word to the God that had sent her home to him at last! And she—lost in his vast embrace was lying against the warmth of his heart, a little child again. The sad years fell from her; the hard, sorrowful, dreadful years that these two should never hear about. She crept a little closer to him as she thought about them.

"And isn't there a word or a kiss at all for me?"

The girl stirred in her father's arms, turned her face and looked at the figure in the chair. A streak of pain lined the thin, old cheeks; the blind, up-turned eyes seemed to pierce their own darkness.

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried the girl, slipping from her father's arms to her knees in a moment.

Then she took the warm figure into her strong, young arms, yearning over it, "My mother, my own mother!"

Softly, lightly, the mother's fingers crept over the girl's face, lingering a little about the eyes and nose and mouth, stroking the bright hair, the throat, the shoulders.

"The same little face," she said tenderly, "the same little turn-up nose, and round cheeks, and big eyes. You're more like your great-aunt Molly

Blake, than ever, me pet. I declare you are. Isn't she, Jim?"

"Motherree, motherree!" whispered the girl, kissing the faded hands passionately. "I'm not a bit changed, little motherree. I'm just the same old Irish girl I was long ago. Not a bit 'Yankee' after all those years in America. Am I father?"

She shot him a warning look as she spoke. He was still standing with his back to the fire, unconscious of the heat that almost scorched him, of the tears that were whipping his cheeks, of everything but the wreck of youth that was before him. This, his girl, his *gra-chree*, his heart's hope and love? This jaded, tired-eyed woman, with the ghost of haunting poverty in her look, her dress, her hands—with whole years of anguish in her big, brown eyes—with all those white threads in the red-gold of her hair—this? God help us—this?

But he never spoke, and the blind woman purred on like a stream gently:

"And you're never going away again, Norah. You're not going back to America any more? We"—

"I'm afraid I must, mother," broke in Norah, sadly. "You see, I'm engaged in business there, and only got three months' leave to be away in. It's a country where most people work hard, and your place is quickly filled up if you're not careful, and —"

The strong voice of her father broke across her words.

"Stop, child! Look at your mother's face! Look at me! Haven't we been *starving* for you these ten years since you went away from us a slip of a girl, and are you going to be talking about getting back to America in the same breath with your first kiss to us?"

"Shure no," said the girl in her soft brogue, rubbing her head gently against his coat sleeve; "shure, no, father. I won't say another word about going away till after Christmas, I'm so happy, father —" Suddenly she broke into tears.

The big man gathered her up in his arms. "What is it, colleen," he asked in a passionate whisper.

"I—I was only thinking, father, how—the—dogs at home were better off than—I was—many a time in America."

"And yet you're talking of going back," he said roughly. "And your mother an' me all alone at the old place in Meath, and Margaret married, and Shiela, your mother's white pony, dead and gone—and nothing but the dogs and old Mickeen and Betty to look after us." It heartened the girl to hear this strong, vigorous, big man talking of wanting anyone to look after him. Soon she was laughing, and the mother laughed, though her blind eyes were full of tears.

"Barney," called her father.

A frowsy waiter put his head in at the door.

"Barney, tell Mrs. O'Connor to send up the tea-tray at once. The ladies are dying with cold, and I'll have the makings of a glass of punch myself."

The tears were hardly dry upon his cheek, but he was laughing gaily in spite of the pain in his eyes when he looked at his girl. The queer Irish nature, called shallow by those who never tried to probe the depths of it, the strong, savage, most tender Irish nature, that makes an old woman cry keen tears over the grave of the babe that was dead before it was born—the first-born of her youth—showed itself in the big man's laughter, while the tears were drying stiffly upon his cheeks.

The night sped on. The girl sat between her father and mother, and told them what few brightnesses had lightened life for her through those long, sad years. Not one word did they hear of the failure of high hopes, of the poverty, of the days of actual hunger, of ghastly loneliness, of mighty yearnings for a touch from the old home. The fire grew low as they talked—the women much, the big man little. The mother grew white and

weary at last, and Norah took her to her room and helped her to bed. When she slept, the girl came back to her father. He was sitting in the same place, staring into the red embers. Nothing was left but the heart of the fire, and it was full of pictures.

Norah Blake pulled a low seat beside her father's chair, and laid his passive arm about her neck.

"Now, tell me," he said, gathering her closer, "tell me what brought these here," pointing to the white hair about her temples, "and this, and these," touching the fine lines about her worn eyes.

And then by the firelight she told him; but not all of it—not all. She spared the great, generous heart all the deeper misery of those ghastly years. He never heard of her dreadful marriage. He knew nothing at all of the little child that would inevitably draw her across the sea to the barren loneliness of that other country.

"Let us say a prayer," he said, as the night deepened, when he heard what of her story she willed that he might hear. "Let us say a prayer together. We haven't been together for a weary time, child."

And the great prayer of demand, of appeal, of resignation, the grand prayer of humanity, went up in the shabby little inn-parlor, from the full hearts of father and child, and a passing angel gathered the words and held them in his heart in his upward flight, till he laid them in the lap of God.

"Kiss me, my colleen," said her father, as they stood up. She crept to his arms. He laid his lips on hers, and kissed her as if he would draw her spirit through her lips—kissed her as we kiss our dead, in a passion of hunger, of regret.

Then they sat down again by the dying fire.

\* \* \* \*

The girl had fallen asleep on her low seat, leaning against her father

The heart of the fire had long since crumbled into gray ash. The man, too—his head forward upon his breast—was sleeping. She had been the first to doze—tired out with talking, and grieving, and rejoicing, and he would not move lest he should wake her. Once in the night, as it crept toward the dawn, she had stirred sleepily, and drawn his arm about her neck. Again—in a little while, it seemed—a cry awoke her—a great cry.

"Oh, my colleen!"

She started up, but saw that her father was sleeping heavily, with face bent above his breast, and sank down again, creeping closer to his side. She slept peaceably, until a stray beam of sun crept across from the window and played upon her closed eyes. She opened them, drew herself gently from under her father's arm, and stood erect, looking down upon him. Then she stooped with a dreadful cry—for *he was dead.*

### ODE TO SILENCE.

Thine are the inaudible harmonies that keep  
The brooding breathings of the night's glad lute,  
When in those pauses 'twixt her sleep and sleep  
All holy tunes be mute.

All beauteous seasons thou dost guard and bless,  
The tremulous dawn, hushed noon and cooling night,  
Earth, air and ocean thy dim palaces  
Filled with divine delight.

When the young flowers at eve are breathing low  
To the hushed lullabies of clouds and moon,  
Or in sea-gardens drowsed airs dream they blow,  
Tuneful to ocean's tune,

Pulsing all night about his ancient shores;  
Or languid rose-leaves rustle to the ground;  
All those mute stirrings earth feels at her pores,  
These be thy harsher sound.

All glorious chords of splendor and delight  
That rise through joys to conquering melody,  
And wake a magic lute of listening night,  
These at thy borders die.

Making melodious more the moments rare  
That tune to tune and joy to joyance wed,  
Blooming, blossoming all the slumberous air  
With petals left unshed.

The fathomless well of heaven's deeps are thine,  
Thou watchest over night's infinitudes,  
The starry vast, within whose chant divine  
No dissonant chord intrudes.

Thine are those oceans, dim, untenanted,  
 The unprescient homes of pregnancies to be,  
 Filling the lonely realms of mighty dread  
 With formless majesty.

Thou dost anticipate the bridal joy,  
 The notes of youth, the songs of festal gladness ;  
 Thou hast a sadness, yea, a weird annoy,  
 More sad than uttered sadness.

Thine are the lower, deeper tones of life,  
 The unspoken hope, the hidden dread despair ;  
 These are thine under-notes of battle strife  
 Behind the trumpet's blare.

The snarl, the taunt, the fool's unmeaning laugh,  
 The vile, the coarse, the brutal and the loud,  
 That pass, as blown of wind, the winnowed chaff,  
 Athwart the brazen crowd.

All, all alike, alien and far from thee,  
 And that soft peace wherewith thy palace teems ;  
 As some far inland tempest to the sea  
 Wrapt in his ancient dreams.

In that dread, solemn hour when loves must part  
 Upon the border realms of mystic death,  
 Angel of the infinite thou art  
 That sealest the passing breath.

When thy hushed presence fills the chambers sad,  
 How far away the sound of those who weep,  
 Thou makest earth's king, but yesternorn lust-mad,  
 A little child asleep.

A little child caught sudden in his play,  
 His broken toys a prey to all beside ;  
 Thus is it ever when thou dost pass their way  
 With human power and pride.

Thou fillest their ears with some diviner tune,  
 Their eyes with visions weird, invisible ;  
 Not all the battle-songs of night or noon  
 May rouse them from thy spell.

Thine are the love-songs of the wingéd hours,  
 Each unto each in sweet harmonious chime.  
 The hidden thoughts of bees in honied flowers,  
 Or dewdrops rhyme on rhyme,

Falling betwixt the dusk and rosy dawn,  
 The soft respiring of woods in leafy June,  
 Night's drowséd melodies when dusk is gone,  
 All blend in thy glad tune.

The song the dewdrop sings unto the leaf,  
 The shy aspirings of the greening grasses,

The silly aspen leaf that sighs its grief  
To every wind that passes ;

These all are notes within thy marvellous song,  
Unheard, unvoiced, intunable that fills  
The waters hushed that pulse their shores along,  
The splendor of the hills.

Thou lovest those lonely avenues of light  
In the sun-kindled woods at early morn,  
Upon the rosy rim of fading night  
And cloudy meadows shorn ;

Filling the joyous airs with summer fraught,  
And morning's slopes with dewy odors bland ;  
Here with glad Fancy and s'ow-wingéd Thought  
Thou wanderest hand in hand.

Thou art the spirit that broods about the lands  
Upon the middle day when airs are still,  
And hushed for noon, the herds, the brawny hands,  
The toiling of the mill.

Then even the winds fall tired in the grass,  
And drowse the kine kneer deep in shaded stream,  
Where all the world is mirrored as in a glass  
In its untroubled dream.

Thou keepest the dewy caverns of the night  
About majestic risings of the moon,  
When over the breathing woods her phosphor light  
Rises to silvern noon.

Thou holdest those intervals of peace that dwell  
About the caverned shores of ocean furled,  
When the long midnight hush or noonday swell  
Slumbers about the world.

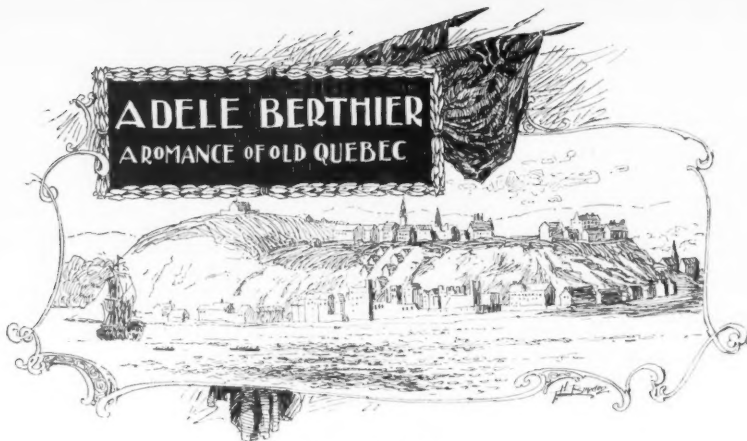
But dearest of all thou lovest that pensive hour,  
That holy hour about the fringe of eve,  
When sunset dreams in lonely woods have power  
Imaginings to weave ;—

When all the sunset world seems ages old  
In sad romance and achings of old wrong.  
And all the beauty of life is poignant gold  
In the hermit thrush's song.

Then down the long, dim memories of old woods  
Facing forever the far-westering sun,  
I'd dream for aye through hallowed solitudes  
Where magic echoes run.

Seeking the majesty of peace wherein thou hidest,  
The golden rivers of being without alloy ;  
Knowing the infinite of peace is where thou bidest,  
Thou and that calm joy.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.



BY THOMAS SWIFT.

#### RESUME.

The following is a brief Resume of the first half of the story which appeared in the November number—

It opens with the night of the 13th Sept., 1759. The battle of the Plains of Abraham has been fought. A British captain, named Fairclough, was sent to take charge of the Quebec General Hospital. In doing so he saw a beautiful young nun who takes his fancy. Shortly afterwards, while leading a reconnoitering party, he is taken prisoner, and is sent to Three Rivers. Here he lives with a Quebec merchant, named Berthier, and during a long illness is waited on by his daughter, Adele. Struck by the resemblance between Adele and the beautiful nun, he tells about it, and Adele informs him that she was the "Sister Marie" whom his memory worshipped, she having donned a nun's garb for safety.

#### CHAPTER IV.

IN due time, Captain Fairclough arose from his bed of sickness, and donned the well-worn uniform of his regiment. But he was a prisoner on parole. Then, as the autumn leaves flushed into their last golden glory and began to fall, beautiful in their decay, he cast off his weakness, and the strength and beauty of his manhood came back to him. And day by day the graces of Adele's mind and person unfolded themselves before him. Her position, her early responsibilities, the stern scenes of danger, trial and suffering she had passed

through, imparted a depth and breadth of tenderness and self-reliance to her character rarely met with; and he loved her with all the pent-up energy and passion of years. And she—he knew not what to make of her. The vivacity, the buoyancy and sweetness of disposition, the gifts of sunny France, animated her and charmed his mind; the freshness and vigor of her young existence, and the freedom of body and limb which she had drawn from the broad land of Canada, won upon his senses. To him, the tried soldier, whose active life in the stirring period of the Seven Years' War had brought him but seldom into the sphere and influence of beauty, this fair, unfettered, full-souled Canadian maiden was an emanation of Nature's loveliness, and the perfect embodiment of all that was sweet and desirable in woman. But like her mother, Nature, who is proverbially shift in her moods, she was fickle, oftentimes incomprehensible, but always charming. At times she was sweet and tender and inviting; yet just as the words of love were trembling on his lips, her gaiety and coyness would make the very thought of love ridiculous, or some trifling or pretended duty would take her from his side. Her quick instinct seemed to be ever on the alert, so that neither by word nor touch was

he ever permitted to express the passion that consumed him. His eyes, however, were his own, and they revealed a story which she could not fail to read. She was, therefore, to him, in his enforced though not weary captivity, at once a sweet torture and a perpetual dream of delight.

Indian summer set in, and one day they had strolled away from the mansion towards the bank of the river, over whose burnished waters the soft, purple haze peculiar to the season rested like a mantle of love. The leaves, the yellow beech, and the golden varied-tinted maple, rustled beneath their steps, a faint breeze whispered through the pines, and all nature was steeped in a dreamy sensuousness. They stopped at the river's bank, and silence was between them. The maiden gazed at the flowing waters, but the man gazed at her.

"Adele."

The full, deep voice thrilled through her, an overpowering sense of mingled pleasure and fear possessed her, and she felt and knew there was no escape. She turned and stood before him. The softened radiance of the setting sun was around her, and the music of her name seemed to linger in the air.

The officer made one step towards her, and would have clasped her in his arms, but with a gesture she stayed him. To him that one word, "Adele," seemed to tell all—the love, the devotion, the strong, tender passion that had grown until it had become part of his life. She had seen it a hundred times, and must know it all.

"Let me speak this once, Adele," he continued, with hands clasped. "Let me tell you how I love you."

She strove to interrupt him, but the flood-gates had yielded and the mighty rush of feeling would have way.

"I have loved you since my eyes first beheld you in the dim light of the Hospital hall. You were with me all through the dreary night of delirium, which was made bright by your pres-

ence. I have loved you since,—how could I help it? And my love has grown and deepened as the strength of my manhood returned. I love you now, Adele, as I never have and never can love woman again."

The first rush of passionate feeling was over, but it had, in all its intensity, swept around and over and through the maiden's soul, and she trembled where she stood. Her face paled, a piteous expression swept over her features and a mistiness veiled her eyes.

"Monsieur, it cannot be," was all she could murmur.

"Say not so, Adele," and this time he took her unresisting hand, and drew her towards him, all trembling as she was. He raised her downcast face until he could look into her eyes.

"By heavens, Adele, I could swear you love me."

The girl's head fell upon his breast, and he clasped her in his arms. The sun and trees and running stream were blotted from his gaze as his lips pressed the dark tresses resting near his cheek. At the caress she raised her head and fixed her eyes, misty with love, upon his, and her arms stole tenderly around his neck.

"Yes, Monsieur, I love you wholly, fondly, and as you would be loved," she said, and his impatient lips were bent passionately on hers, even as she spoke, "but I cannot marry you."

With a swift, lithe movement, she released herself from his embrace and stood apart, her face hidden in her hands. The gleaming waters murmured, the pines sighed and sighed, and the dead leaves fluttered to the ground around the silent figures, as if in bitter mockery of brightness gone, of love that was blighted, of hopes decayed.

The man felt like one athirst. The delicious, long-desired cup was at his lips, when the hand that offered it had pitilessly dashed it to the earth, even as the draught was sweetest. "Oh my love—Adele," he cried, "You

are cruel. I do not understand your words. Speak, dearest, and explain their meaning."

"I cannot marry you, because—I am pledged to another," she returned, and would have fled had Fairclough not gently detained her.

"Is that all, Adele?" he enquired with a smile, feeling greatly relieved.

"All, Monsieur? Is it not enough? Ah, you will despise me if I tell you more. Let it be," she entreated.

"Never!" he exclaimed. "You have said that you love me,"—the expressive eyes told him how truly she had spoken—"and I will never give you up."

"Do you love this other man, Adele?" he enquired, with a suspicion of jealousy.

"How can you ask, Monsieur?" she exclaimed. "We were pledged to one another, Etienne and I, years ago; and we should have been married last year, but for the dreadful coming of your countrymen. I thought I loved him, but now—I know,"—and she shook her head sadly.

"I loved you from the first, Monsieur, and it was—oh! so different," she said, and piteously clasped her hands.

"A Canadian girl betrothed is as good as married; and I must keep faith with Etienne. It has all come about so strangely. I should not have listened to you—I should not, indeed," she insisted, as Fairclough showed signs of impatience and again approached her. "But I loved you so, and it was sweet to be loved. But you will not speak of this again—it will be better so, and bye-and-bye you will go away—and"—she could go no further, and fell sobbing on his breast.

He soothed her as love only knows how, and in the end said quietly but decisively, "I will never give you up, Adele, never."

#### CHAPTER V.

Etienne Durand and Adele Berthier had been brought up together, and

their childish liking had ripened on his part into a warmer and deeper sentiment, and he loved the beautiful girl with all the ardor of a passionate nature.

Of Adele it is scarcely necessary to speak further.

In those days, Canadians married very young and frequently with little affection on either side. It was the well-known policy of Louis XIV. to put a premium upon early marriages, and the mandate "Increase and multiply," was faithfully inculcated and even rigidly enforced. Often, indeed, wives were mere children, as in the case of Madame de Varennes, mother of La Verendrye, the discoverer of the Rocky Mountains, who was married when she was only twelve years, six months and eighteen days old—too young to know the meaning of love, but old enough to become the bearer of a numerous offspring.

Adele Berthier had been coldly and carelessly promised in marriage, all unsuspecting of the depth and intensity of the passions that lay dormant in her soul, only waiting for the fated knight to come and rouse them into life and activity. But with the spring of 1759, came the expedition from Louisburg, and English guns began to thunder against Quebec's walls; and Etienne, along with Adele's brother Louis, joined the ranks of the Canadian Militia, and had taken a not inglorious part in the spirited events that followed.

M. Berthier, wise in his generation, a peaceful merchant, whose interests were centred in Quebec, appreciating the generosity and forbearance of General Murray's administration of affairs and foreseeing the ultimate triumph of the English cause, was, in spite of his son's untimely death, disposed to join the number of his countrymen who had given in their allegiance to his Britannic Majesty.

Consequently, the lot of Captain Fairclough, a prisoner on *parole* and at the beck of M. Dumas, was and had been far from an unhappy one.



Drawn by F. H. Bridgen.

"She turned and stood before him." (p. 139).

Such then was the state of affairs, when Etienne Durand appeared at Three Rivers. The mass of the French forces had been withdrawn to Montreal, the militia disbanded and M. Dumas left with six hundred regular

troops to watch and harass the English throughout the winter.

Etienne, too, had been seriously wounded in a skirmish and had been confined to the camp for several weeks. Young, ardent, patriotic and brave,

possessed of a strong, athletic figure and a handsome countenance, with his hatred of the English intensified by misfortune and defeat, it may be readily conjectured that his attitude towards Fairclough in the home of his betrothed would be anything but friendly.

When they met, Etienne started, grew pale, and gazed at Fairclough as at one risen from the dead. The one word "Ah!" escaped from his lips, whilst a subtle smile, in which was a strange commingling of surprise, pleasure, hatred and triumph, passed over his mobile features and lurked about the corners of his mouth. The stiff courtliness of manner and the calm, disdainful look of the English officer, too, augured but ill for their future bearing towards each other; but Adele was quick to grasp the situation. She, therefore, put forth all her powers of self-control, tact and judgment to preserve the peace between them. But it was like living between the craters of two fretful volcanoes whose wrathful fires might break forth at any moment and overwhelm her.

Fairclough, the older and more experienced, out of gratitude and consideration for Adele as his benefactress, aided her efforts as far as he could; though at times his ill-concealed feelings towards her, and the jealousy of Etienne brought matters to the verge of an eruption. The part of the young hostess was a doubly difficult one to play, for the eye of love is keen. And Etienne soon came to feel that the broad land of Canada was not wide enough to hold him and his rival.

The trouble came, finally, through the old attendant, Elise, whose sympathies were wholly with the young Canadian. Elise, one day, was busy with some household work, in the large room which served for kitchen and dining-room, and Etienne was standing at the door, moodily looking down the road which led to the little church, whither Adele, escorted by Captain Fairclough, not altogether

with her consent, had gone. "Etienne, my boy," said Elise, "thou art blind. Seest thou not how things are going? Thou wilt lose Adele. But perhaps, it is that thou hast seen in thy wanderings some fairer demoiselle whom thou likest better. She loves the Englishman."

The young man turned and faced her. "Thou art foolish, Elise," he said, but the pallor was on his cheeks and his voice was hard and strained.

"Adele has promised to marry me, —we have loved each other since we were children,—she will keep her troth with me."

"Oh! well, Etienne," persisted the woman, "she may give thee her hand, for the child is faithful, but a body without a heart is but a poor thing. I tell thee she loves this English officer, and were it not for her promise to thee, would wed him to-morrow. I saw her in his arms down by the river and he kissed her."

"What? Adele!—kissed Adele!" exclaimed Etienne, "surely thy old eyes deceived thee, Elise!" He laughed, but there was the bitterness of death in the laugh.

"No, it is even as I say, my poor boy. It was a sad day when they brought him here, this heretic; and if he depart not soon, he will depart not alone. Adele will go with him."

"Never!" burst forth from the set lips of the young man, "I will kill him first." And he flung himself out of the door, leaving Elise stupefied with fright at the storm of passion she had excited.

She went to the door, only to see Etienne striding away in the direction of the church. Round a sudden bend in the road, he came face to face with Captain Fairclough, who would have passed him by with a distant salute.

"Captain Fairclough, I have come to seek you, and you must answer some questions which I have to put to you before we part." Etienne was fairly calm, but his voice gave evidence of feelings suppressed.

Fairelough, though taken by surprise answered quietly.

"A great deal, Monsieur, will depend on the nature of the questions asked. I am at your service."

"Do you love her?"

"That is scarcely a fair question, Monsieur, but I will answer, I do love her."

"Have you told her of your love,



Drawn by F. H. Brigden.

"Etienne started."

"First, do you know that Mademoiselle Berthier is pledged to me in marriage?"

"I know it, Monsieur," replied the Captain curtly, and with a slight bow.

Captain Fairelough?" There was a dangerous gleam in the eyes of the questioner.

"I have told her, Monsieur."

"Did you then know of her engagement to me?"

"I did not."

So far the utmost coolness and self-control had characterized this catechizing.

"What encouragement, may I ask, did the lady give to your suit?"

The question was a daring one, and there was a pause. An ominous frown and a stern compression of the lips were visible on the face of the officer.

"Monsieur," he said, in low, decisive tones, "I have truthfully answered your questions concerning my own feelings in this matter. The last question you have no right to put to me, and I have no right to answer."

"By heaven! Monsieur," returned Etienne, with startling vehemence, "I require no further answer in words. Old Elise spake the truth. You have come between me and my promised wife, and have pressed your suit under my very eyes. You shall answer for it with your heart's blood, or shed mine. Draw, Monsieur." His sword flashed out in the watery light of the November sun, and his face was distorted with irrepressible hate and the greed for vengeance.

Fairclough stirred not a muscle, and a look of something very like pity shone in his eyes, as he replied:

"Put up your sword, Monsieur. You forget that I am a prisoner, and pledged to peace. Or, if fight you must, wait until I am once more free, and I will meet you where you will."

The calm words goaded his opponent into madness.

"Coward!" he hissed, "must I strike you? Draw, and keep me from stabbing you where you stand."

"Your blood be upon your head," was the passionless rejoinder, but the coldness of the tone was deathly.

Fairclough placed his hand on his sword, and led the way through the denuded trees apart from the road; and, coming to an open space that promised sufficient play for their weapons, flung his cloak aside, and drawing his sword, stood upon his guard, saying simply,

"Now, Monsieur, once more at your service."

Their blades crossed. In size, strength and agility they were not unequally matched, and, in the first encounter the terrible earnestness and impetuosity of the younger man gave him the advantage. With a sudden lunge straight for his antagonist's heart, Etienne nearly brought the conflict to a fatal close. Fairclough parried it, but the weapon, turned aside, slightly wounded him in the right shoulder; but he saw the deadly intent of his adversary, and his face hardened and his eyes grew cold as the steel that gleamed in his hand. Now, in nine cases out of ten, in fencing, when a man strikes his opponent, he springs back to recover his guard, and rarely follows up his advantage. And so it was with Etienne. Like a flash of lightning Fairclough was upon him, and he was pressed back step by step until his eyes were dazed by the terrific play of the deadly weapons. With a last effort he sprang to the left and made a desperate thrust. His blade was dashed aside, and, ere he could recover himself, Fairclough's sword had pierced his right side. He fell, the blood gushing forth as the blade was withdrawn.

A wild shriek rang out, and the woods gave back the sound.

A female figure, with frightened eyes and tresses all astray, staggered from the trees, and kneeling by the side of the fallen man, strove to staunch the flowing blood. It was Adele. From the road, as she was returning from the church, she had caught the flash of steel, and hastened to the spot, but had come too late.

"Touch me not," cried Etienne, sternly. "Let me die. Go to your lover," pointing at Fairclough, "and marry the man who slew your brother."

"My God! cried Adele." "He is mad," and she wrung her hands in distress.

"Traitor," he went on wildly,

"Traitor to your name, your love and your country."

"Etienne!" exclaimed the poor girl, in accents of intense pain, which struck a chill to Fairclough's heart.

"I know all," continued Etienne, pitilessly, "Elise told me all. But I am avenged even if I die. False as you have been to me; perfidious as you are in loving an enemy of your country, you will never marry the slayer of your brother. Poor Louis!

him to me, Etienne; he is brave." The words came back to him. They were the brave words of a brave man, and that man was Adele's brother. He knew it all now, and wondered that he had not before recognized the young man whose life's blood was ebbing away before his eyes. He met Adele's look of appeal, and answered like one waking from a horrible dream,

"Yes, Adele, I slew your brother ;



Drawn by F. H. Bridgen.

"He fell."

"I thought to avenge thy death, too." Adele gazed in agony at the man she loved, even now, as he stood mute like a statue, with features scarcely less anguished than her own.

"Speak, Monsieur," she moaned. "Etienne mistakes. Tell him it is false—this dreadful thing he says."

The officer's eyes were fixed on the face of the wounded man, as though it had been that of a basilisk. A light had burst upon him. "Leave

but it was in fair and open fight, and I knew not until now that it was your brother."

"Oh, my God, have pity upon me," cried the afflicted girl, and the proud, beautiful head bent to the ground, and the wealth of dark tresses lay in a shaking, dishevelled mass upon the withered grass.

Etienne fell back with a gasp, and this roused Fairclough from his stupor. He knelt by his late adversary's

side, and placed his hand over his heart. It was beating, though faintly, and he managed to staunch the blood. Then wrapping his cloak around the insensible form, he turned to the distracted girl, who had risen, and was mutely watching his actions, and said,

"Stay here, Ad—Mademoiselle," he corrected himself, "whilst I summon assistance. He is not dead; and all may yet be well for him—and for you. Only forgive me," he implored, "the suffering and anguish which I have unwittingly caused you—I, who would die to save you a tear." The girl looked at him with sad, tearless eyes, but said nothing. And he was gone.

#### CHAPTER IV.

So Etienne Durand was laid on the bed which the English captain, under similar circumstances, had occupied, and was tended and nursed by old Elise; for he could not bear Adele to enter his presence.

Then Fairclough's life at Three Rivers became unendurable. He was, as he said to himself, nothing but a source of grief to everybody around; for Etienne, whose desire for vengeance continued unabated, after he regained consciousness, had told M. Berthier and Elise the dreadful truth. Avoided by Adele, looked at with horror by Elise, treated with but barely distant courtesy by M. Berthier, and hated still by his late antagonist, he felt his position keenly, and could do little towards effecting a change. Finally he despatched a letter to M. Dumas, detailing the painful circumstances in which he stood, and earnestly beseeching him to make some other disposal of his prisoner. That gallant officer courteously and generously acceded to the request, and to Fairclough's great relief, informed him that an escort would be sent to conduct him to Montreal.

In silence, and with unspeakable sadness, he left the hospitable roof which had sheltered him through so

much suffering, happiness and bitter grief. He uttered no adieu; he spoke to nobody. It was better so, he thought; and would save a world of pain. As to Adele, they met in suffering; they parted in sadness. But he left a letter for her, which has been preserved in the Berthier family and is here reproduced:

THREE RIVERS, CANADA, NOV. 26th, 1759.  
To Mademoiselle Marie Adele Berthier,  
—Dearest Adele,

By the kindness of M. Dumas, commandant of the French forces at Jacques Cartier river, I leave your hospitable roof for Montreal. Fortune, under desperate conditions, placed me in your gentle hands, and in giving me your love gave me a great blessing and happiness. The same fickle mistress, having bereft me of everything save the remembrance of what has been, compels me to leave you. I dare not offer you the hand that unwittingly slew your brother; and yet, in justice to myself, I may say that, morally, I am guiltless of his blood. He fell in noble, honorable fight, as a brave soldier would like to fall, in the discharge of a duty, and as I, a little more or less fortunately, in my turn, fell. That Providence chose me as the instrument by which he met his death has proved my terrible misfortune. I shall never cease to cherish you in my heart. For any dearer privilege I may not ask.

My gratitude is to you and your honored father for received favors that can never be repaid.

The fortunes of war are uncertain, and I cannot predict which nation will win in the present struggle here in Canada. But in victory or defeat, at all times,

I beg to remain yours to command,

REGINALD FAIRCLOUGH.

Capt. 47th Reg., in His Britannic Majesty's service.

In December an exchange of prisoners was effected; and, to his great joy, Captain Fairclough found himself once more among his comrades within the walls of Quebec. After his long period of idleness, the life of activity which he had there to lead was very welcome. During the winter skirmishing continued. Provisions were scarce and sickness came upon them, and the British forces, locked up in their ice-bound fortress, suffered dreadfully. Scurvy alone, from their long continued diet of salt meat, carried off

eight hundred men; and it looked at one time as if the city in the spring would be without defenders. All through the dreary time Fairclough labored and watched and suffered; but he never forgot Adele Berthier. Nor did she become a mere tender remembrance. His love for the beautiful vivacious girl he had met at Three Rivers, his tender devotion for the sad-eyed, desolate maiden he had left, were rooted in his soul as a strong and living thing which only death could kill.

Meanwhile, Adele, at Three Rivers lived her life as best she could. Etienne recovered, but she saw little of him and thought less. He had condemned her unheard, and attributed that to her which even she had hardly allowed herself to contemplate as a possibility, namely, her union with Reginald Fairclough; for Reginald he was to her since the perusal of his epistle. When she knelt in pity by his side, he had wounded and insulted her, and his bitter words had rankled in her breast. He had forfeited all claim to her hand, when he so ruthlessly cast her from him. She contrasted his narrowness of soul, jealousy, and uncompromising hatred with the generous forbearance and uniform delicacy of the English officer, and Etienne lost terribly in the comparison.

On the other hand Reginald Fairclough's manly and courteous letter appealed to all that was best and noble within her, and she loved him with a love intensified by a two-fold pity,—longing and absence.

One thing now, and one only, separated them; but it stood between her and happiness, as the Red Sea stood between Israel and the promised land; and how it might be crossed, save by a miracle, was more than she could determine. That obstacle was her brother's blood. Nationality, country, friends, home, father,—in her love and desolation she was ready to relinquish all—but grasp the hand,—guiltless yet guilty as it was,—that in mortal

combat had stricken down her only brother—she shuddered at the thought. It seemed to her that the spirit of the dead would come from the grave to tear their hands asunder, even at the altar itself. And yet there were times, when the rush of tenderness was so great, and pity for her suffering and ill-fated lover so overwhelming, that her soul was shaken to its very depths, and she would sink to the floor of her chamber and cry her weak piteous cry, "Oh God, have pity upon me!" And as the winter deepened and the great river became bound in its icy fetters, and all the land was clad in its snowy mantle, so that nature seemed clasped in a weird, frozen sleep, her life at Three Rivers became so burthensome that she besought her father to go back to her aunt at the General Hospital. There she would find work for her willing hands, rest in activity for her wearied brain, and solace for her own suffering spirit, in alleviating the sorrows of others. So once more she donned the religious garb and joined the little band of weary workers; and the good sisters marvelled at the untiring energy, the sweet self-sacrifice and the loving care she manifested towards the poor patients. The sick came and were healed, or died, and their place was taken by hundreds of others during that dreadful winter—the most dreadful of all the winters in the history of the fair young land.

Then in April, as soon as the first warm rains had melted the snow, and the mighty rush of waters had caused the St. Lawrence to burst its crystal bonds, immense blocks of ice came floating in endless procession past the citadel and walls of Quebec, and a strange thing occurred. On one of these huge ice-cakes, the English sentinels descried a solitary human figure. A boat was despatched to the rescue. It was a French artilleryman who had fallen overboard at Point-aux-Trembles, on to the piece of floating ice and had thus been carried down the river. Out of gratitude for

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his escape or through fear of his life, or for both reasons combined, he informed the English commander that the French army was within two leagues of the city ramparts.

The next morning found, in God's awful providence, the Plains of Abraham once more occupied by the French and English armies. The blood, shed thereon in the previous summer, mingled with the melting snow and rain; and the slush was turned to a deeper crimson by the streams of warm blood spilled that day. On the 28th April, 1760, was fought the deadliest and most sanguinary battle recorded in the history of Canada; and the French, after routing their enemies with great slaughter and driving them into the city, in their turn, remained masters of the doubly-dyed field.

On that fatal morning, the inmates of the General Hospital watched the English march past, and from one of the dormitory windows, Adele Berthier gazed on the dreadful but animated scene. Her keen eye sought, amidst the serried ranks nearest to her, for the soldierly figure of Reginald Fairclough; but in vain. The lines swept by to attack the French who were rapidly forming into line of battle at the western end of the plain. It was a gallant sight. The English artillery opened fire and the action began, and all through those two hours of conflict and carnage, Adele stood, with pallid features set and straining eyes, striving to pierce the clouds of smoke and surging masses of men in the vain endeavor to single out the one beloved form. At first the English guns did great havoc and thinned the ranks of the French; but the rapid and deadly firing of the latter and the superiority of numbers at length prevailed. The English left near the precipitous banks of the river, from whose edge a body of Indians poured a galling fire, broke and fled; whilst the right, fiercely attacked by the French Grenadiers and a body of Canadian

Militia, was thrown into confusion; and the English General was forced to retreat. The retreat almost became a rout. Hundreds fell, many never to rise again. In the centre and on the left, where the fighting continued at longer range, the English picked up many of their wounded, and carried them back into the city. But on the right every inch of ground was stubbornly disputed, and a hand to hand conflict raged. Time and again the English, through the bravery of their officers, rallied, only again to be broken; and the tide of battle rolled along under the very walls of the hospital.

Many a time, Adele, unable to endure the sight of the carnage, buried her face in her hands only to look out again when the sickening sensation had passed. And now from the place where she stood, she could have thrown a pebble and hit the nearest combatants, whose very faces were distinguishable. All at once, where the fight was keenest, her fascinated eyes became riveted on the movements of one tall, familiar figure, and amidst the scene of blood, she recognized Captain Fairclough. His men, animated by his example, stood firm around him. Now they were pressed back a few paces by the sheer weight of numbers, and then bayonet and clubbed musket and Fairclough's good sword did their work, and a ghastly ring of writhing bodies almost separated them from their foes. It was horrible. But the girl's eyes shone with a new light as she watched the deadly sweep and flash of her gallant lover's sword, only to be dimmed again by the awful certainty of his approaching doom, as, from her height, she beheld him and the little band of heroes cut off from their comrades and hopelessly hemmed in. To her in her agony, the defeat of the English and the triumph of her countrymen meant nothing. Her soul and body were by the side of the man she loved, whom she saw in such deadly

imminent peril. Her eyes never left him. A young soldier, in the uniform of the militia, sprang like lightning over the prostrate men and aimed a terrific blow at Fairclough. She saw the act and a shriek of warning involuntarily left her lips. It was unheard; but the blow was intercepted by a friendly bayonet, and ere it could be repeated, Fairclough's sword had crashed into the skull of his enemy, who fell dead.

But such a contest could not continue long. Hemmed in on all sides, thrust back upon themselves until they had hardly room for the play of their weapons, they fell, one by one, game to the last. Their gallant captain, seeing the hopelessness of the struggle, gathered together his remaining strength, and flung himself fiercely into the midst of his enemies. For a few yards, he left a clear path behind him, and, thus fighting, fell,—the finest swordsman and the bravest soldier in Wolfe's gallant army. And up in the whitened dormitory of the hospital, whose sad gray walls looked down in pity on the dreadful scene, lay the unconscious figure of a young girl, clad in the garments of a nun. They carried her to a couch near by, where life and remembrance came back to her. She started up and, with a calmness that seemed like madness, said, "I must go to him," and the good nuns thought that her brain was turned. Near by stood a little group of sisters, and two priests; one was the Grand-Vicar and the other the Hospital Chaplain. The Vicar was asserting his determination to go out into the battle-field to minister to the wants of the dying, and his hands were raised in parting benediction over the prostrate nuns.

Adele heard his words and was by his side in a moment.

"Father," she said, "let me go too."

"I must go," she continued, as she saw the priest hesitate to grant her request. "I saw him fall. He is wounded—perhaps, dead. Come, father,

come quickly," and she seized the good man's gown and almost led him perforce. So they two, followed by the Chaplain, went out through the main portals and wended their steps to the field of battle, reeking with the warm blood of the fallen. Around them lay the dead and the wounded, singly, and in groups and heaps, in every conceivable shape and form. Away in the east, the citadel and ramparts were belching forth smoke and iron hail. The French forces, which had pursued the enemy almost to the guns, were retreating to a safer distance. But across the centre of the field, where the carnage had been great,—just Heaven! could such things be!—the Indians were killing and scalping the wounded English. Through the blood-stained slush and mud, the brave girl pursued her way alone, leaving her companions, the two priests, to minister to the spiritual needs of the dying. Eagerly scanning the faces of the stricken soldiers as she neared the place where she had seen Fairclough fall, her eyes alighted on one that roused her from her torpor and one-ideaed search. Lying amidst the dead, his face all clotted with gore, she recognized the distorted features of Etienne. She shuddered, but paused not. She reached the spot where the dead lay thickest, and there, with his shattered sword in his hand, and his calm, brave face, smiling even in death, upturned to the leaden sky, she found him whom she sought. With a great sob, she fell on her knees on the wet ground and raised his head on her arm, whilst she gazed distractedly at the still pale features.

"Reginald," she cried, "Look at me."

She gently shook him as she would one who slept.

"It is I,—Adele," she cried, "Reginald,—Reginald!" The tones were enough to call him back from the very grave; but he stirred not.

"My God, he is dead—dead—my love," she moaned, as she flung herself

wildly on his lifeless form, and kissed his cold lips and face.

A short time afterwards she was found half unconscious by a relief party of French soldiers, who would have raised her but that she clung so desperately to Fairclough's body. They examined him more carefully, at the sight of her distress, and found that life was not extinct. They lifted the wounded man and following the direction of the girl's pointing finger, bore him to the Hospital. In a stony silence Adele walked by their side, never relinquishing the hand which she once thought could never again be clasped in hers.

In the hospital he recovered consciousness, and for a time seemed to rally, but his wounds were many and one of them too dangerous to allow any hope of recovery. The sisters withdrew Adele from the presence of Captain Fairclough, whilst they attended to his wounds and administered restoratives, and the overwrought girl with many sobs and tears, told them briefly her unhappy story. Word was whispered to them that the man must die, and with the utmost sympathy they prepared Adele for the worst. Captain Fairclough lay in the great dormitory, which was again filled with the wounded and the dying. The calm, beautiful light that often betokens the near approach of death, smiled in his eyes and rested on his pale, worn face. He had not yet seen Adele, but she was, even then, uppermost in his thoughts. She came at last, leaning upon the arm of a sister, and clad in the habit in which he had first beheld her. At the foot of the bed the sister silently withdrew, and left them together. Adele's face was calm but pathetic; her eyes bright and tearless. She had no more tears to shed—not one.

At the sight of her the dying man's face grew suddenly transfigured, and his great undying love shone out upon her and seemed to enfold her whole being.

"Adele," he said, with a little touch of his old grace and tenderness, "you come to me like an angel once more. You will take my hand now, dearest."

There was no doubt or hesitancy in his manner. He weakly stretched out towards her his uninjured right hand. In a moment, with a little cry, the



poor girl, sliding between the beds, clasped it and covered it with kisses. With it he drew her face fondly to his own, and their lips met in one long, lingering kiss, as they had met only once before.

"You love me still, my sweet one?" he tenderly inquired, as he strove gently to remove from her head the closely-fitting religious cap. She understood his wish, and her quick hands deftly removed the coif and veil. The rich loosened tresses fell around her

neck and over the breast of the dying man.

"Love you, Reginald!" she replied, "you are my life. I cannot live without you. After you left me my eyes thirsted for the sight of your face; my ears hungered for the sound of your voice. Then I beheld you all in the dreadful battle, until you fell, my brave love," and she stroked his cheek that faintly flushed for the last time. "Then I went out and found you, and I thought you dead—and the kind soldiers brought you here."

"You did all this, Adele?" he inquired. "Now, God bless and reward you, dearest, for thus giving me this great happiness. I shall die content now that I have seen your face once more."

"No, no," she cried, "You will live

Reginald,—live for me. I cannot believe that God will let you die."

"Your dear presence, Adele," he replied, "has strengthened me and made life seem very sweet, but I am dying,—I know it, and, perhaps, it is better so."

She clung to him in silent agony, bravely borne for his sake.

"When I am dead," he continued faintly, yet firmly, "put me where you can sometimes visit my grave, and—kiss me once again—my love."

The dying voice ceased, and some fifteen minutes later, one of the nuns, passing by, found the desolate girl crouched beside the bed, her head resting against his breast, and his dead hand clasped closely within her own.

Adele Berthier became Sister Marie. She never left the General Hospital.

#### A CHINA WEDDING.

THESE twenty years,  
Of hopes and fears,  
Of smiles and tears,  
We've lived together,  
As man and wife,  
A happy life,  
With little strife,  
To mar its weather.

And still we stand,  
Hand fast in hand,  
As when we planned  
To live united,  
With each to share  
Joy, grief, and care,  
Fulfilling fair  
The vows we plighted.

If sorrow's pall,  
That hangs o'er all,  
Has come to fall,  
At times, around us,  
Or long or brief,  
'Twas mutual grief,  
And this belief  
The closer bound us.

Experience learned  
Has been well earned,  
We have not spurned  
Life's many a lesson;  
If kindlier known,  
Or wiser grown,  
That Love we own,  
To which we press on.

Yet well I wot  
Our earthly lot  
In favored spot  
Has been appointed,  
Free from turmoil,  
Our daily toil,  
Has been with oil  
Of joy anointed.

And God we praise,  
That our best days,  
And works and ways,  
Poor past confessing,  
For His own sake,  
He deigns to take,  
And useful make  
For others blessing.

For children given  
Here, and in heaven,  
From evil leaven  
Of earth defended.  
Grace to adore  
God grant us more,  
Ere our next score  
Of years be ended.

Words cannot tell,  
Affection's spell,  
Hearts know so well,  
Can never sever  
Love from true love,  
Time does but prove,  
As Heaven above,  
Constant forever.  
J. CAWDOR BELL.

## A GENTLEMAN-ADVENTURER OF THE OLD REGIME.

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"Baron Castine of Saint Castine  
Has left his Chateau in the Pyrenees  
And sailed across the Western Seas,"  
LONGFELLOW.

### I.

THE first chapters of the history of Acadia and Canada contain many features of dramatic interest. The men who crossed the Atlantic, centuries ago, and laid the foundations of Empires on this continent, possessed those qualities of manly fortitude and indomitable perseverance, which alone could have enabled them to make a footing in the New World. Some were religious enthusiasts; others sought relief from personal cares and misfortunes; many were soldiers who loved adventure and sought it wherever it could be found. The days of chivalry had long passed away when the pioneers of American civilization braved the perils of the sea and forest. Knights no longer broke lances in tilts and tourneys, or mustered to fight the Paynim in the Holy Land. But though the times had become more practical, the opportunities for men of brave hearts and resolute courage to win for themselves fame and fortune had never before been so great. The discovery of the Western continent opened up a boundless field of exertion to the adventurer whose talents and energies were cramped in the comparatively narrow arena of Europe. In Mexico and Peru, the Spaniard could fight his way to rank and wealth; and it mattered little to him if the poor natives were crushed relentlessly beneath his iron heel, as long as he satisfied the ambition with which he burned.

The achievements of the French and English pioneers in the North, may not afford as dazzling a theme

for the pen of the poet or the historian as those achievements in the South which have been recorded in the matchless prose of Prescott and the glowing verse of Southey; and yet the history of their lives is an epic of world-wide interest. If we could but follow them in their career step by step, gauge their thoughts, see their self-denial, their patience, their energy, their perseverance, we would recognize in them the heroes the world most wants. But it is from the results of their work especially, that we can best estimate the value of the debt that the world owes them. Champlain and his compatriots toiling to build their little town by the side of the St. Lawrence, bearing its wealth of waters to the great ocean far beyond, and designed by nature as the great highway of nations; the Puritans struggling with the difficulties of a rigorous climate and a sterile soil, within sight of the ever restless Atlantic;—were performing a work, the grandest in its results the world has ever seen.

As we look down the vista of the past, a few figures stand out prominently in view. We see the soldier, ever prompt to obey the call to duty, or to yield to the seductions and pleasures of the moment. Then comes the black-robed priest, ever zealous in behalf of his religion and his country, with a tongue as persuasive in the councils of his countrymen as in the cabins and wigwams of the Indians. By his side, eyeing him with deadly animosity, stands the stern-faced Puritan, loving and professing liberty of opinion and thought, yet sometimes

forgetful to concede that liberty to others. We see representatives of the nobility of France, the seigneurs and their fair ladies who danced and flirted, and even gambled, within the French towns. Here stalks the Indian, looking askance at these intruders, and though too often treacherous and cruel, yet at times displaying generous and noble qualities. And there, close by, is the *coureur des bois*, the reckless, daring rover of the forest and the river.

## II.

During the times of which we are about to speak,—the latter half of the seventeenth and the first quarter of the eighteenth century, or a period of nearly seventy-five years in all,—the spirit of adventure was especially prevalent. France and England had now fairly entered into the contest for supremacy in the New World, and the colonies of these two great rivals were making steady progress, though it was much slower in the case of French Canada. As we open the pages of the history of those times, we follow with the deepest interest the footsteps of those intrepid pioneers who first lifted the veil of mystery that had so long enveloped the illimitable West, with its wilderness of forest and its mighty rivers. No pages of romance can equal in interest the story of the adventures of Joliet, of Marquette, or of La Salle, who gave to the world the knowledge of the great "Father of Waters," the Mississippi.

But we may not now dwell on so attractive a theme as the opening up of the Great West and the revelation of its secrets. The man whose life we intend to relate in the course of the following pages may not be put in the same rank with Champlain, De Poutreincourt, or La Salle, but inasmuch as he represented an important element in the colonization of this continent, his career is replete with undoubted attraction to those who take an interest in our country's history. He

played no leading part,—he was but a subordinate figure in the drama of the past; but yet such as he were necessary for the establishment of French dominion on this continent. If he had not the genius of a founder of new states, yet he represented the spirit of the men who ventured into the wilderness in those distant days, and exercised that remarkable influence among the Indian nations which served the purposes of France in her war for dominion in America.

The materials we have at hand for a history of this "gentleman adventurer" are not as satisfactory as we would wish them to be; but still they are sufficient to enable us to follow the principal incidents of his career with tolerable accuracy. The scene of his birth possesses many characteristics not only interesting to the antiquarian, but to the lover of the picturesque in nature. The country of Bearn, now included in the department of the Lower Pyrenees, derived its name from that ancient town of *Beneharnum* which is mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus, although its particular position cannot now be given. Its "gaves,"—the Basque term for mountain rivers—pass rapidly through many wild gorges and sequestered valleys, and form not a few cascades of unrivalled beauty. On the summit and slope of a hill, at the confluence of the Aspé and Ossau, which form the most picturesque of these "gaves," lies the ancient town of Oloron, whose origin can be traced to the days when the Roman Empire was in the height of its grandeur, for it is said to occupy the sight of Iluro or Elorensiū Civitas. On the opposite side is the little sister-town of Ste. Marie d'Oloron, where the traveller tells of a street famous as that set apart for the Cagots, who were identical with the Kakous of Bretagne—the Pariahs, the Helots, the very lepers of the French.

It was in the quaint town of Olo-

ron,\* within sight of the Pyrenees, among a brave, stalwart race, that Jean Vincent d'Abbadie, otherwise Baron de Saint Castin,† was born and educated. His family was one of rank and influence in the country. It was a branch of the house of Abbadie de Maslacq, which dates back to the second half of the sixteenth century. Saint Castin, at an early age, was placed in the army like most young men of condition in those times. He first served in the King's body-guard, and subsequently in the famous Carignan regiment, which probably derived its name from one of the princes of the Duchy of Savoy, the Prince of Carignano. In the civil war of the Fronde, the memorable struggle between the liberty of the people and the despotism of the court, the Carignan regiment fought with distinction on the King's side. The most memorable service in which it was engaged was the expedition which was sent out by the French King in 1664, under the command of Counts de Coligny and de la Feuillade, to assist Leopold, Emperor of Germany, against the Turks, who were over-running Hungary and had entered Moravia. At the battle near St. Gotthard, the Italian Montecuculi (Prince of Melfi, Knight of the Golden Fleece, and Generalissimo of the royal armies), defeated the Turks and forced them to a truce which lasted for twenty years. The success of the Germans on this occasion, it is stated, was owing in a large measure to the gallantry displayed by the French regiment in question.

### III.

We next hear of Saint Castin accompanying the same regiment when it was ordered to New France, immediately after the Hungarian campaign.

\*Some claim he was born at Escout, but not on sufficiently trustworthy data. The home of his family and their chateau was Oloron.

†Castin and not Castine is the correct name; American poets and historians give the latter.

At that time the French government had commenced to take a greater interest in its American possessions in the North, and was anxious to see the number of the colonists increased. One of the governors, M. d'Avaugour, had drawn up an able report to the government, in which he showed how wise it would be for France to strengthen herself in Canada, and recommended not only the erection of additional fortifications, but the distribution of some three thousand soldiers throughout the colony; and the emigration of the Carignan regiment may be considered as the first fruit of this sagacious counsel. The people of the colony were constantly attacked by the brave and warlike Iroquois, who seemed resolved on preventing, if they could, the establishment of the French by the border of the St. Lawrence. In the "Relations des Jesuits," we find a graphic description of the results of the Indian raids upon the French settlements. "The war with the Iroquois," the writer is referring to the year 1653, "has dried up all sources of prosperity. The beavers may now build their dams in peace, for none are able or willing to disturb them. The Hurons no longer come down from their country to barter their furs. The country of the Algonquins is tenantless; and the tribes beyond it, fearful of the guns of the Iroquois, are disappearing in the forest fastnesses. At Montreal, the keeper of the company's store has not been able to purchase a single beaver skin for a whole year. At Three Rivers, so apprehensive have they been of a raid, that they have expended all their means in increasing their fortifications. At Quebec the storehouse is quite empty. Under such circumstances, is it surprising that everybody is dissatisfied and disheartened?"

It was, therefore, a wise policy, as urged by M. d'Avaugour, to settle the country with men inured to arms, who could be summoned at any mo-

ment to defend the towns against the savage enemy. At the time of the arrival of the Carignan regiment in 1655, the total population of the country did not exceed 25,000 souls, scattered along the banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, from Tadousac to Montreal. The country was divided into a few seigneuries, which had been granted to men of noble birth, as well as to merchants and military officers. In this way did the French government think they could reproduce in the American wilderness that system which had its origin a long while before in a relatively rude state of society in Europe, but was altogether unsuited to the requirements of a colonial community in a new world. To the historical student and to the philosophical mind, this attempt of the despotism of Europe to establish its principles in the New World is fraught with the deepest interest. We see, growing up side by side in America, the feudal system of Canada, with its countless restrictions upon the popular liberties, and the more generous and liberal system of New England, with its town meetings and deliberative assemblies; and when we contrast the workings of the two, we cannot wonder that the French colonies should have been so sluggish in their growth. Yet in the character of the men who were the leading spirits in New France there is much to attract our sympathy and awaken our interest. If they were not always statesmen, if they did not sympathize with the masses, it was the fault chiefly of the autocratic principles in which they had been educated; and although they were often arrogant and unbending, yet they more frequently displayed the generosity, the fidelity, and the chivalry which are among the soldier's virtues.

In the year 1665, M. de Tracy was appointed to act as governor in the place of M. de Mézy, who had got into disgrace with the home govern-

ment, and had been consequently recalled. In the course of the same year, the Carignan regiment, under the command of M. de Salières, arrived in Canada, together with a number of mechanics and other immigrants. The new viceroy set vigorously to work, immediately on his arrival, to strengthen the colony, and among the first measures he took was to erect additional posts at Chambly and Sorel, on the Richelieu river, which led from the Iroquois country directly into Canada, and was the route generally pursued by those indomitable Indians. His next step was to march into the country of the Agniers or Mohawks, the most formidable member of the famous Confederation of the Six Nations, at the head of the Carignan regiment. The time was well chosen for such an expedition. It was in the winter, when the warriors of the tribe were mostly absent on the hunting or war-path, and the French succeeded in inflicting a blow on their enemies which gave them a peace of some eighteen years' duration. In this expedition Saint Castin distinguished himself, although the mode of warfare must have struck him as in strange contrast with what he had been familiar with in Europe.

Some time after the events just referred to, permission was given to the regiment to disband and settle in the country, or to return to France. A number of the officers and men returned home with M. de Tracy, but the majority accepted the offers made them by the government. Saint Castin and other officers received several valuable tracts of land, and the soldiers who had been under them cheerfully agreed to settle on their seigneuries as the *censitaires*. Nearly all of the regiment who remained in the colony settled on that fertile district which lies to the southward of Montreal, between the Richelieu and the St. Lawrence, and in this way formed a military colony which could operate at any time against the aggres-

sive Iroquois. So anxious was the government to make these men comfortable and domesticated, that they imported a number of French women, who married among the new settlers.

#### IV.

Saint Castin does not appear to have remained long in his new seigneurie by the Richelieu, for we find him living in the year 1667, in Acadia,\* on the peninsula at the mouth of the Pentagoet, now the Penobscot, in a house which he had erected close to the fort built some time previously by M. D'Aulnay de Charnisey, the rival of La Tour—both well-known names in the early history of Nova Scotia. This fort is described as comprising a small chapel, and a magazine of stone, besides some small buildings, little better than log-huts, for the use of the inmates. In 1670, when the fort was given up by the Chevalier de Grand Fontaine, the governor of Acadia, it was defended by 3 six pounders, 2 four-pounders and culverins, 2 three-pounders, and on a small platform close to the water, outside of the fort, 2 eight-pounders,—in all twelve iron guns, weighing 21,122 pounds. The fort, however, was never at any time a very formidable affair, although its position was such as to make it an important base of operation against the English colonists. At a very short notice the Indians could come down the Penobscot, and from other parts of Acadia, and attack the New Englanders, who had settled in the adjoining country or on the seacoast.

Saint Castin fraternized immediately with the Indians of the surrounding country—chiefly Abenakis†—a

branch of the Algonquin family—and married about 1688, Matholde, the daughter of Matacowando, chief Sachem of the Eastern tribes. These Abenakis appear to have been always the firm friends of the French, and to have been always ready to carry the scalping-knife into the British settlements. Saint Castin carried on a very profitable trade with his Indian neighbours, and exercised such influence over them, in the course of time, that they would rise at his summons, and march wherever he chose to lead them. The Baron Lahontan, an intelligent but sometimes prejudiced writer, who visited the colonies during the time that Saint Castin was living at Pentagoet—gives a few particulars of his mode of living: "He married among them according to their fashion, and preferred the forests of Acadia to the Pyrenean Mountains that surround the place of his nativity. For the first year of his abode with the savages he behaved so as to draw an inexpressible esteem from them. They made him their great chief or leader, who is in a manner the Sovereign of a nation; and by degrees he has worked himself into such a fortune, which any man but he would have made such use of, as to draw out of that country above two or three hundred thousand crowns which he has now in his pocket in good dry gold. But all the use of it is to buy up goods for presents to his fellow savages, who, upon their return from hunting present him with beaver and skins to a treble value. The Governors-General of Canada keep in with him, and the Governors of New England are afraid of him. He has several daughters, who are all of them married very handsomely to Frenchmen, and who had good dowries. He has never changed his wife,\* by which means he would give the savages to understand that God does not love inconstant folks."

\* "In February, 1668, an article was annexed to the treaty of Breda, and all Acadia, without any specification of boundaries, including by name, St. John's, Port Royal, La Heve, Cape Sable and Pentagoet or Penobscot, as parts of the province (of Nova Scotia), was ordered into the possession of the French." Williamson's Maine, I., 428.

† Williamson claims the Indians on the Penobscot as Tanatines, a branch of the Etchemins, who were found on the St. Clair and St. John and other parts of New Brunswick; but I think, with Parkman, they were Abenakis.

\* In this respect the people of Maine and other States, have not imitated Saint Castin since divorces are so common there.

## V.

I can only briefly sketch the leading incidents in Saint Castin's life at Pentagoet, where he remained over thirty years. As the extract I have given shows, he was much feared by the New Englanders, for he was one of those impetuous, daring spirits, always ready to resist anything like an insult or an injury—always willing to take up the sword when a favourable opportunity for harrassing his English neighbors offered. As the English had settled and erected a fort at Pemaquid, not far from Pentagoet, difficulties were constantly arising between the rival settlements, even in the time of peace.

Saint Castin appears to have carried on a considerable illicit trade with the Indians, as well as with the New England colonies, and to have consequently incurred the displeasure of his own government, who sent out orders in 1687 to M. de Menneval, then governor of Acadia, to remonstrate with him on his mode of life. Indeed, at that time he appears to have sunk into a mere trader, and to have forgotten all his old associations. Some years later, however, he awoke from his apathy and showed himself once more the brave soldier and loyal Frenchman.

The first blow Saint Castin received was directed against his traffic by the New England Government. In the year 1687 Sir Edmund Andros, governor-in-chief, determined to make an effort to drive off the French from the settlements they had made in Acadia from the St. Croix to the Pentagoet—a country now claimed by the English, under the influence of the settlers of Massachusetts. At Pemaquid he embarked on the "Rose," a British frigate, and proceeded to the Penobscot for the purpose of intimidating Saint Castin. Sir Edmund caused his ship to be anchored "before Saint Castin's door," and sent an officer to announce his arrival; but the French,

instead of conferring with the English, fled into the woods. "The Governor landed with other gentlemen, and went into the house, and found a small altar in the common room," but they did not interfere with the altar or the pictures or the ornaments. They "took away all the arms, powder, shot, iron kettles, and some trucking-cloth, and his chairs; all of which were put aboard the "Rose," and laid up in order to a condemnation of trading." Andros had intended to repair the fort, and had taken with him working materials for the purpose, but finding the old work gone to ruins "was resolved to spare that charge till a more proper time offered." He then returned to Pemaquid, having informed Saint Castin, through some Indian messengers, that his property should be restored as soon as he would come to that place and profess allegiance to the King of England. Apprehensive that Saint Castin would arouse the Indians, Andros summoned the Indian chiefs of the neighborhood of Pemaquid, were they were "well treated with shirts, rum and trucking cloth (probably some of Saint Castin's), and His Excellency, in a short speech by an interpreter, acquainted them that they should not fear the French, that he would defend them, and ordered them to call home all their young men and they should live quietly and undisturbed." This truce, however, was not of long duration, for Saint Castin's influence among the Indians was not to be weakened by any promises of the New Englanders. It was not long before he had an opportunity of revenging himself upon the British for the injury they had done him.

## VI.

In the course of 1689 war was declared between France and England, and the continent of America again became the arena of active hostilities. In the struggle that ensued Saint Castin buckled on his sword once more,

and assisted his compatriots in their attacks upon the British colonies. In 1690, the governor of Canada, Count de Frontenac, organized three expeditions for a simultaneous onslaught on three important points. The first party, led by d'Ailleboust de Hertel and Lemoine de St. Hélène, and comprising among the volunteers the famous d'Iberville, marched in the depth of winter on Corlaer, now Schenectady, and surprising the inhabitants at night-time, destroyed the settlement and a considerable number of the unfortunate people, besides taking many prisoners. The second party, under the command of Hertel, destroyed the small fort of Salmon Falls, on the Piscataqua river, and then succeeded in evading the force that mustered against them from the surrounding country. The third party, mostly made up of Abenakis and other Indians, under the command of Saint Castin, formed a junction with Hertel after his attack on Salmon Falls, and then fell upon Falmouth, on Casco Bay, where the garrison of Fort Loyal surrendered prisoners of war after a short struggle, and were treated with great inhumanity.\* The cruelties practised by the Indian allies of the French during these raids were of a very aggravated character, and invested the war with additional terrors. The life of the white settler in those days was one of daily peril. We can picture him ever on the alert as he turns the sod and plants the crop in his little clearing; from time to time hastily seizing his gun, which is never absent from his side, as he mistakes the cry of some forest animal for the yell of the savages as they fall upon his humble cabin.

#### VII.

The next affair of importance in which Saint Castin was engaged was the attack made by the French, in the year 1696, upon the fort which had been built not long before by the Brit-

ish colonists at Pemaquid. This fort—the strongest work of the kind then possessed by the English in America—was situated at the mouth of a small river on the sea-board, and had cost the province of Massachusetts a very considerable sum of money. It was built of stone in the form of a quadrangle 108 feet in breadth by 747 feet in length; there was a fine parade ground in the middle, and a strong gunpowder magazine, nearly all hollowed out of the solid rock. The walls were six feet thick, and varied from ten to twenty feet in height—the highest point being seaward—and were all cemented in lime-mortar of a superior quality. At the south-west corner was a round tower twenty-four feet in height. The fort was defended by fifteen cannon at the time of the attack, nearly all twelve pounders—and at high tide was almost entirely surrounded by the sea.

M. d'Iberville, one of the most distinguished men whom Canada can claim as her own, was given charge of the expedition sent out by the French to operate against the British forts in Hudson's Bay, Acadia and Newfoundland, and set sail from Rochefort in the spring of 1696. He first anchored on this side of the Atlantic in the noble harbor of Sydney—then known as Baie, or Rivière des Espagnols—in Cape Breton, where he found a messenger from M. de Villebon, the governor of Acadia, with the intelligence that three British vessels of war were cruising off the River St. John in expectation of his arrival. The French ships "*La Profonde*," and the "*L'En-vieux*," took on board a number of Indians at Spanish Bay, and then set sail for the Bay of Fundy, where M. d'Iberville hoped to surprise the English ships.

The French met the British vessels in the bay, and succeeded in capturing the "*Newport*," a brig of 24 guns; but the others escaped in a fog. After a few days' delay at St. John, for the purpose of landing supplies

\*See Williamson, I., 621.

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"THEIR GUARDIAN ANGEL."

for the use of M. de Villebon, d'Iberville sailed for Pentagoet, where Saint Castin, with a large number of Indians, was awaiting his arrival. The French entertained the Indians at a great feast, and distributed a large quantity of presents amongst them; and then having made all their preparations, they proceeded against Fort William Henry, which was defended by Captain Chubb, who had 15 guns well mounted, and 95 men well armed. When the commandant was called upon to surrender, he replied that: "Though the sea was covered with French vessels, and the land with Indians, he should not surrender unless forced to do so." Then the siege commenced in earnest—several batteries were erected, and the French commenced to throw bombs into the fort. Thereupon the garrison were thrown into much confusion; which was considerably increased when Saint Castin again called on them to surrender, and told them that if they continued the defence much longer, the Indians would become so exasperated as to massacre all who might remain in the fort when it fell, as it must sooner or later. The defenders became so intimidated at last, that they forced Captain Chubb to offer to surrender the fort, provided the lives of all were guaranteed against the Indians, and they were taken to Boston to be exchanged for French prisoners at that time in the hands of the British. The terms were accepted; and then the French entered the fort, which was well supplied with food and military stores, and could have stood out for a long time, if the garrison had not taken fright at the threats of the French. In the fort, says Charlevoix, was found a Canibat Indian, in irons, and at the point of death. An order was also found from the governor of Massachusetts, for the death of the poor creature. His fetters were soon struck off; but the facts of his imprisonment and contemplated death were kept

from the Indian allies, who would probably have sought to revenge him on the British soldiers.\* A few days later the prisoners were sent to Boston, and the fort was razed to the ground.

#### VIII.

Saint Castin appears to have remained for several years at Pentagoet, carrying on his lucrative trade with the Indians, after the treaty of peace signed at Ryswick, in 1697, when Acadia was again declared to be French territory, though its actual limits were not defined. War broke out in the commencement of the next century: and this continent again became the scene of the most cruel and relentless warfare. The Abenakis were incited by the French of Canada to join a number of Canadians; and the combined forces then ravaged that part of New England, which lies between Casco and Wells. The atrocities that were committed during these raids are beyond description. "Cruelty," said Bancroft, "became an art; and honor was awarded to the most skillful contriver of tortures. The prowling Indian seemed near every farmhouse; many an individual was suddenly snatched away into captivity. If armed men rousing for the attack, penetrated to the fastnesses of their roving enemy, they found nothing but solitudes." These atrocities were continued for years, and all New England was in mourning. "Children, as they gamboled on the beach; reapers, as they gathered the harvest; mowers, as they rested from using the scythe; mothers, as they busied themselves about the household, were victims to an enemy who disappeared the moment a blow was struck; and who was ever present where a garrison or a family ceased its vigilance."

The people of New England promptly retaliated by forming expeditions

\* Chubb was, in 1698, killed by the Indians at his home in Andover, in revenge for his cruelty to these Indians, Williamson, 1, 644 N.

against the French posts in different parts of Acadia, from Pentagoet to Port Royal. One Colonel Church was very active in these raids, which were conducted with much energy, and inflicted a great deal of damage on the French settlements. Among the places visited was the house of Saint Castin, which was plundered, though he was absent in France at the time, and his son, Anselme, was in charge. The historian of Maine censures this act, as Castin the younger was "in policy and sentiment the friend of tranquillity," and no doubt this act was mainly responsible for the active part he thereafter took in the war.

The elder Saint Castin, after his return to France, in 1701, does not appear to have again visited the scenes of his rude forest life in Acadia, but died at Oloron in 1717. Whittier, however, with allowable poetic license, has described the aged Baron as drawn back to the banks of the Kennebec, to pay a last tribute to those who fell on that "fearful day" at Norridgewock, when the old faithful Jesuit missionary, Father Rale, fell beneath the bullets of his English foes at the foot of the cross he had himself planted—

"A band is marching through the wood  
Where rolls the Kennebec his flood,  
The warriors of the wilderness,  
Painted, and in their battle dress;  
And with them one whose bearded cheek  
And white and wrinkled brow, bespeak  
A wanderer from the shores of France.  
A few long locks of scattered snow  
Beneath a battered morion flow,  
And from the rivets of the vest  
Which girds in steel his ample breast,  
The slanted sunbeams glance.  
In the harsh outlines of his face  
Passion and sin have left their trace;  
Yet, save worn brow and thin grey hair,  
No signs of weary age are there.  
His step is firm, his eye is keen,  
Nor years in broil and battle spent,  
Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent  
The lordly frame of old Castine."

## IX.

In the spring of 1707, an expedition was organized in New England,

for an attack upon Port Royal, which was then held by M. de Subercase. The expedition was commanded by Colonel March, and consisted of 200 infantry, in 23 transports under the convoy of two men-of-war. They arrived off Port Royal on the 6th June, to the great surprise of the French, who, however, were soon rallied to the defence by the governor. Bodies of men were sent out to harass the enemy in the woods, and to retard their approach to the fort as long as possible. In this way the English were arrested for some days in their progress; but at last, on the third day of their arrival, they came within a short distance of the fort, which was then defended by the inhabitants, who had been called in from the surrounding country. M. de Subercase was obliged, however, to burn down a number of buildings in the vicinity of the fort, as he was unable to hold them and was afraid of them falling into possession of the enemy. The English then commenced to lay a regular siege to the fort, but the French opposed them with great bravery and success. Bernard Anselme, the eldest son of the Baron of Saint Castin, who had been educated at the Quebec Seminary, was among the French at the head of a small body of Indians, and took a very conspicuous part in defending the fort. On one occasion he made a sortie with a number of Indians and French, and forced the British to retire from their camp with considerable loss. On the 16th June, the French had intimation from their scouts that the enemy was preparing for a combined movement on the fort, and they were, therefore, fully prepared on the same night when they heard the muffled sound of a large body of men moving towards the walls. When the British came within gun-shot, the cannon of the fort commenced to play briskly, to the great consternation of the attacking force who had thought to surprise the French. The knowledge that the

French were prepared for them appears to have disconcerted them, for after burning a frigate and some smaller vessels which were lying at anchor close to the fort, they retired to their trenches. Next day they re-embarked on board their vessels, having lost nearly a hundred of their men, and set sail for New England. M. de Subercase, in a letter subsequently written to the French government, attributed the success of the French, in a great measure, to the opportune arrival of Anselme de Saint-Castin.

The failure of this expedition caused much astonishment and indignation throughout New England, where its success had been confidently expected, and it was at once determined to make another effort to reduce the fort. Colonel March, on the plea of ill-health, gave up the command to Major Wainwright, and the expedition arrived in the basin of Port Royal on the 20th August; but the French were very little better prepared for this second visit, though they had been reinforced by the crew of a frigate commanded by M. de Bonaventure. The English, fortunately for the French, were very dilatory in their movements, and gave the governor sufficient time to re-assemble all the inhabitants for the defence of the works.

On the evening of the 21st of August, the English landed on the side opposite to the fort, and marched at once through the woods until they reached a favorable position, about a mile from the French, where they encamped. A party of over a hundred Indians and *habitants* were immediately sent out by Governor Subercase, to some points on the river above the English, with the view of protecting the French property, and, if possible, surprising the enemy. On the evening of the 23rd, a party of the English was sent from the main body for a reconnoissance, but the officer commanding the advanced guard failed to take the proper precautions, and was caught in an ambuscade and killed,

together with a number of his men. Several prisoners were also taken and brought to the fort, and from one of these it was ascertained that the English proposed landing their artillery in the course of the night. Therefore the governor ordered fires to be lighted along the river as soon as the tide commenced to rise, and this precaution having been taken, the English could not succeed in landing their artillery.

The English appear to have been out-generalled in every direction, and to have been placed in an awkward predicament. They were unable to reach the position they required in order to operate effectually against the fort, and had, moreover, the mortification of seeing the French making trenches in the very place where it had been proposed to draw up the attacking forces. The Indians and the French kept up a constant fire, and were worrying the British on every side. On the afternoon of August, 24th, forty or fifty men were sent down to the river for the purpose of securing some thatch for the covering of the tents, but nine of the party wandered into an ambuscade, and were all killed. Colonel Wainwright, writing about this time to his friends in Boston, confesses that his forces were in a very awkward strait: "If we had the transports with us, it would be impossible without a miracle to recover the ground on the other side, and I believe the French have additional strength every day. In fine, most of the forces are in a distressed state, some in body and some in mind, and the longer they are kept here on the cold ground, the longer it will grow upon them; and I fear the further we proceed the worse the event. God help us!"

The next day, the 25th, the English were obliged to take up another position, and commenced to erect batteries for cannons and mortars, but Subercase forced them to retire to another place, half a league lower down. Even

here, however, they were so harassed by the French and Indians, that they were compelled to make another move, to a point where they were out of the reach of the cannon of the fort. On the 29th the English re-embarked, with the intention of making an effort to reach the other side of the river, but Subercase suspected their design, and made his preparations accordingly. At sunrise on the last day of the month, the English troops landed under the protection of the guns of the fleet, and commenced their march in the direction of a point of land thickly covered with wood. Here Anselme de Saint Castin was awaiting their arrival with a force of a hundred and fifty men, and the moment they came within pistol-shot, he ordered his men to open on them. For a few minutes the English were disposed to force their way forward, but as the fire of the French did not appear to slacken, and they were ignorant of the number of the enemy in ambush, they began to retreat towards the shallows on the shore. Chevalier de la Boularderie whose name still remains on a pretty island at the entrance of the Bras d'or lake in Cape Breton,\* was detailed by Subercase to attack the retreating forces, but he was getting rather the worst of the encounter—having received several severe wounds himself—when Anselme Saint Castin and Saillant came to the rescue. A hot contest then ensued, and the two last-mentioned officers were both wounded, the latter mortally. Finally the English succeeded in embarking after having suffered very severe losses, and in the course of the next day left the basin. The New Englanders were naturally much dejected at the second failure of an expedition which had cost them so much money, and they did not attempt a third attack till three years afterwards, when they were finally rewarded with success, and Port Royal fell into the possession

of England, and was renamed Annapolis—now a sleepy old town in Western Nova Scotia, where the bells of ox-teams are still heard on the streets.

## X.

In the defence of Port Royal when it was successfully attacked in 1710 by the New England forces under Colonel Nicholson, Anselme de Saint Castin took an active part. Three years before he had been married to Marie Charlotte d'Amours, daughter of Louis d'Amours, Seigneur of Jemsek, in the peninsula of Acadia. After the capture of Port Royal he appears to have returned to the Penobscot, and was appointed in 1711 by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, then governor of Canada, the King's lieutenant in Acadia. Impartial English historians describe him as "although a half-breed, entirely free from the bigoted malevolence of the French, or the barbarous revengeful spirit of the savages; by his sweetness of temper, magnanimity and other valuable properties, he was holden in high estimation by both people."†

According to the records of Béarn he must have been in France in 1717, since he was admitted on the 28th of April to the order of nobility, and permitted to assume the title and estates of his father, who had died a few weeks previously. Longfellow refers to this interesting event in his well known verses, though he speaks of Saint Castin and his wife as a bridegroom and bride—another poetic license. Saint Castin, however, had his birthright at last acknowledged by the highest authority, in his father's old home.‡

"The choir is singing the matin song;  
The doors of the church are opened wide;  
The people crowd, and press, and throng  
To see the bridegroom and the bride.  
They enter and pass along the nave,  
They stand upon the farthest grave.

\* See Williamson II., 70.

† At the last meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, an interesting paper was presented from M. Dufau de Malaquer, Judge at Foix in the department of Ariège, France, from which I gather these and other particulars which correct many inaccuracies in previous accounts of young Saint Castin's life.

\* See Bourinot's "Cape Breton and Its Memorials of the French Regime," p. 92.

The bells are ringing soft and slow,  
 The living above and the dead below  
 Give their blessing on one and twain:  
 The warm wind blows from the hills of  
 Spain,  
 The birds are building, the leaves are  
 green,  
 The Baron Castine of Saint Castine  
 Hath come at last to his own again."

In 1721, during what was known as Lovewell's war, in which Mather intimates, with many nods and winks set down in print, the English were the aggressors, Castin the younger was kidnapped and carried to Boston a prisoner. His offence was in attending a council of the Abenakis in his capacity of chief. He was brought before the council and interrogated. His mien was frank and fearless. In his uniform of a French officer, he stood with true Indian *sang froid* in the presence of men who he knew were able to deal heavy blows.

"I am," said he, "an Abenaki by my mother. All my life has been passed among the nation that has made me chief and commander over it. I could not be absent from a council where the interests of my brethren were to be discussed. The governor of Canada sent me no orders. The dress I now wear is one becoming my rank and birth as an officer in the troops of the most Christian King, my master."

The young baron was placed in the custody of the sheriff of Middlesex. He was kept seven months a prisoner, and then released before his friends, the Abenakis, could strike a blow for his deliverance. This once formidable tribe was such no longer. In 1689 it scarcely numbered a hundred warriors. Saint Castin's arrest was considered to have been most ill-advised, as he had committed no offence, but on the contrary was anxious to maintain most friendly relations with the English. After this unfortunate episode we do not again hear of him in Acadian history. The records of Béarn prove that he must have again returned to Oloron, for he died there

before the 16th of June, 1728. His wife died at Pau, six years later. He had three children: Marie Anselme, Brigitte who studied at the Ursulines in Quebec, and Louise born at Pau. Marie Anselme, the eldest, baroness of Saint Castin, and heiress of the estates, was born at Quebec in 1711, and married in the church of Faget d'Oloron, on the 23rd of June, 1730, the noble Pierre de Bourbon, a lawyer, who was admitted as lord of Saint Castin by the Estates of Béarn. His wife died in 1778, and the title and estates fell to one of her daughters. Her eldest son died without heirs, and the family had then no place in Canadian history.

## XI.

On the coast of "hundred-harbored Maine," formerly a part of Acadia, there is a sleepy old town, built on the sunny slope of a peninsula whose history goes back to the days of the French occupation of Canada. For many years it was neglected and forgotten, until one day it, too, was reached by the tide of travel which had inundated even the heights of Mount Désert. The picturesque surroundings and historic traditions of this "Sleepy Hollow" of Maine will fully account for the crowd of inquisitive tourists who, during the summer months, take possession of every available corner in the old houses, whose owners can hardly yet understand the reason of this abrupt invasion of their quiet homes. Nowhere in Acadia is there a spot more interesting to the student of the old annals of this continent than this quaint town, embowered in foliage, and resting by the side of the beautiful Penobscot Bay, gemmed with fir-clad islands. Somewhere in the neighborhood of this bay was supposed to stand the fabulous city of Norumbega, in quest of which many a Frenchman ventured into the wilderness, just as Raleigh, in his old age,

sought El Dorado in the wilds of Guiana. Champlain, La Tour, de Poutrincourt, Phipps, D'Iberville, and many famous Frenchmen and Englishmen, knew Pentagoet well in the early days of the struggle between France and England for the supremacy of this continent. It was Champlain who gave a name to the craggy summits of the picturesque island, which has been well described as one of the wardens of the bay.

"There gloomily against the sky  
The dark isles rear their summits high ;  
And Desert Rock abrupt and bare,  
Lifts its grey turrets in the air."

But Champlain's name has not been perpetuated among the scenes of his adventurous voyage around the shores of the bay. One name alone has persistently clung to the historic peninsula, and it is that of Saint Castin, which would have been probably for-

gotten ere this had not a kindly fate kept the memory of the old baron and his son green in this pleasant nook of the old Acadian land.

Though the name has disappeared from the old town among the Pyrenees, and no one bears it now by the banks of the St. Lawrence or in the Annapolis valley, yet we can see that the Saint Castins have, after all, been more fortunate than many of their compeers who have a far better claim to be remembered in the countries where they were the pioneers. As long as that old town slumbers by the side of bright Penobscot Bay ; as long as the poems of Longfellow and Whittier continue to charm thousands of homes,—there will always be some one to turn to the pages of history and recall the adventurous career of the two barons of Oloron amid the forests of Acadia.

#### A CANADIENNE.

SWEET changing face, where light and shade  
Pass, as varying moods pervade,  
As the shadows come and pass  
O'er a field of waving grass,  
Changeful, varying as the sky  
When swift clouds are fleeting by,  
But with nature pure and true  
As that sky of sapphire hue,  
Or the soul that hidden lies,  
Deep within her wondrous eyes.

She can make an old maid sour  
Quite a lamb in half an hour ;  
She can make a sage sublime  
Quite a fool in half that time ;  
She can make a sinner sigh  
For his sins when she is by ;  
Or when teasing is her care  
She can make a bishop swear.  
She has faults, like all her sex,  
Faults that puzzle and perplex,  
But no woman "nobler planned"  
Lives in all this northern land.

REGINALD GOURLAY.



"MR. HALL CAINE, I believe?"  
 "Mr. Sherwood?"  
 "Yes."

Simultaneously these terms of civility were exchanged, as the bell-boy with the silver card-plate went skipping down the long west corridor of that famous Toronto hostelry, "The Queen's."

"Beautiful weather, this of yours; close on November, too. I believe that these bright days are not exceptional in Canada—just my luck! I have mislaid my matches. Gentlemen, a cigarette?"

"Thank you, thank you," resounded, as the little flame-lit strip of pine when round the party, and "beautiful weather" again went on its second reading.

"This is your first visit to Canada, Mr. Caine?"

"And to America, you might add. It is a wonderful country, this of yours, with untold possibilities; what glorious opportunities for the development of a magnificent manhood. Gentlemen, you should live to guard this fair land as you would your own family."

Thus in a free and happy conversational tone, Mr. Caine chatted on, until the period usually allotted to afternoon receptions was far beyond recall.

After accepting a kind invitation to a little reunion, and tendering in turn our kindest hospitalities to more than one event, we retired from what was most undoubtedly a well-spent hour. We remembered, as we strolled homeward, not a few of the clever things which Mr. Caine said, and most of all the unassuming simplicity of the world-famed novelist.

Scores of invitations lay upon the mantel-piece and table, many of which had been awaiting him in his hotel in New York, whilst he was as yet upon the great ocean. Literary and Art Clubs in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Toronto, were all vying with each other in an honorable rivalry to entertain Mr. Hall Caine. It must have been no easy task to arrange for all these trying though pleasant receptions, and to prepare those brilliant and thoughtful after-dinner addresses.

As a conversationalist, or as an orator, Mr. Hall Caine was almost unknown on this side of the Atlantic before his present visit. The mantle that was upon him was woven in the Isle of Man, and the weird splendor of that robe was seen in the guise of the thrilling character of "The Manxman." His presence, however has added a fresh lustre to the star of his fame, that seems, with constantly in-

creasing brilliancy, fixed in its orbit over that lonely, storm-wreathed island in the Irish Sea; yet over every continent the oblique ascending rays are piercing and illumining.

Mr. Hall Caine is a gentleman easy of approach. That spirit of self-consciousness which usually harasses a visitor in the presence of distinguished men is little felt; you are so completely at home while you join in the pleasant pastime of smoking an Oriental cigarette, that all your nervous hesitancy seems to float away in the circling columns of smoke.

At the mention of his best known work, "*The Manxman*," the author evinces an interest almost enthusiastic, which primarily centres in the Isle of Man wherein the plot is laid. The slightest reference to the little shore-stretching City of Douglas seems to awaken the fondest recollections, and this is evidenced by a momentary pause or a tenderly accentuated word. The traditions of the Isle of Man go back to the Danish invasion, and beyond that period. The dwellers upon that little dot in the Irish Sea point with pride to their Danish and Celtic progenitors. The warm auburn hair of the Norseman is exemplified in the waving locks and pointed reddish beard, the characteristics of the Celt, in the dark brown eye and varying inflection of the voice. The very name of our hero, Hall Caine, a family name, sets aside all that might be raised in opposition to this ethnological conclusion.

The true portrait of Mr. Hall Caine, however, must not illustrate too faithfully the native islander. The resemblance should, in the silhouette, possess the features of the sixteenth century Englishmen—faces like the refined gentlemen painted by Vandyke, say ten or fifteen years previous to the Commonwealth, or even when the earliest traces of impending gloom graced the portraits of that master. Mr. Hall Caine holds to the peculiar theory that in any nation's life, by

some periodicity or order of encyclical development, the form and features of the men of any particular age re-appear in the course of two hundred years. How fanciful all this seems, and with even a shadow of data, it is historically and ethnologically an interesting theory. With apologies to Mr. Caine, an illustration may be given here. Having had the honor of making a sketch of Mr. Hall Caine in oil, I was struck with the wonderful similarity of his face to the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare. This is shown in the dome-like brow, the distance between the eyes, the lines of concentration between the eyebrows, the high bridge of the nose, the delicately drawn lines of the mouth; but more than all, in the large, dreamy, liquid brown eyes, glowing with an amber light, that give even in moments of mirth a pensive sadness. This, with a strangely contemplative calmness, suggests convincingly the similarity with the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare.

Mr. Caine, like all whose spirits are finely touched, is all aglow with patriotism. He quotes with fervor the well-known lines:

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself has said  
'This is my own, my native land.'"

When he heard our national song, "*The Maple Leaf Forever*," sung at his first Toronto reception, and again in the assembly room of the Canadian Club in Hamilton, he enthusiastically exclaimed: "That is a patriotic song, that '*Maple Leaf*.'" Pausing for a few moments, on one of these occasions, he said: "I would rather write a song like this, a song that goes to the hearts of the people, than the greatest novel ever penned."

The fondness for children, which is often a characteristic of genius, is possessed by Mr. Hall Caine in an almost phenomenal degree. When addressed by a little newsboy, he turned towards the poor waif with affectionate con-

sideration, purchased a paper, and thanked him for offering his wares. On Sunday morning, in St. James' Cathedral Church (Toronto), at the close of an impressive service, when the Rev. Canon Dumoulin had concluded an eloquent and effective appeal to young men, the vast congregation interested Mr. Caine less than the little group of orphans who sat beneath the pulpit, and on whom he looked with the spirit of a pitying parent.

During his visit to the President of the United States at Buzzard Bay, little baby Ruth climbed upon his knees, ran her chubby fingers through his auburn locks, and stroked the beard of our great novelist.

It is with no attention of unduly lauding the author, when it is said that to his worth is due all the flattering and honorable mention which has been accorded him in America. Since the days of Charles Dickens, no other novelist has affected so profoundly the thoughts and feelings of the English-speaking people as has Hall Caine. His methods of teaching may differ from the cult of the average writer of fiction, but, in the end, its tendency will be to eradicate evil by the exposure of oppressive and dishonest social conditions. The difference between fashionable pretence and a true nobility of character is so strongly presented in all the scenes of social and political life which Hall Caine depicts, that one feels for a time, after reading his work, that much of it would be better unsaid; that disclosure may

ruffle the surface of our social waters; that many may shrink from a discussion of the subjects regarding which we too often avow a superlative modesty.

If there exists in the warp and woof of national life an unsound thread, and that thread is being more and more woven into the fabric, it is surely no evidence of a high-minded modesty to close one's eyes to the portion affected. Nay, it is the duty of some one to cry aloud, even to cry, with the prophetic, fiery eloquence of an Isaiah: that all men may know the evil and where it is to be found. The duty devolving upon any author who would undertake so great a task, is a most arduous one.

Mr. Caine is in his happiest vein when engaged in work of this character. Possessed of an acute and active mental nature, he is free from every taint of miasmatic cynicism or lethargic melancholy.

The mission upon which Mr. Hall Caine has come to America, *viz.*, to unravel the entanglement existing between English authors and Canadian publishers, is one of extreme delicacy. As to the success of his mission it would be difficult to prophecy. The subject will be open for discussion until the interested parties will have placed their respective claims in the clearest light. As the representative of the society of British authors, none better than Mr. Hall Caine could have been chosen to advance its claims in this country. If he fails, none other could succeed.



## MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

*A Study of the New Colonial Secretary.*

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN possesses a personality of the most interesting nature and the most pronounced power. As the political Lord of the Midlands, the representative of virile Radicalism, the exponent of democracy, the pillar of municipal Birmingham, the organizer of party success, the constructor of political platforms, the embodiment of creative social legislation, the vigorous champion of Imperialism, the bitter opponent of Mr. Gladstone in later years, and the present ally of the Tory party, he has been ever alert, always clever and generally forceful. Aggressive in policy, caustic in spirit, brilliant in style, he may be said to have resembled Clemenceau in his devotion to Radicalism, Disraeli in his power of witty and effective debate, Mr. Gladstone in his changes of political environment, and Lord Lansdowne in his personal bearing and stamp of style.

Joseph Chamberlain was born in London in 1836, and was educated partly at a private school and partly at University College, London, where he certainly was not noted for devotion to study. His forte has always been practical work and not scholarship, although his speeches of a later date are neither devoid of culture nor in any way indicative of aversion to books. Before coming of age he joined his father in the business of making wood-screws at Birmingham, and as the industry grew in volume and the firm in wealth, he became more and more identified with the capital of the Midlands. In 1865, Messrs. Nettleford & Chamberlain manufactured 90,000 gross per week, or more than one-half the total production of the town. In

1874, when the son retired from the business with a large fortune, and the intention of devoting himself to public life, nearly the whole of the wood-screw trade of Birmingham had passed into the hands of the firm.

One success leads to another and Mr. Chamberlain's appearance and performance in municipal politics was literally a triumph of local reform and executive ability. In 1870, he had been elected a member of the School Board, and three years later, became its chairman, at the same time that the citizens chose him for Mayor. To this latter post he was twice re-elected. As a shrewd and successful business man he had already become well-known; as a speaker and debater, his fluency of speech, justness of thought, and ready wit were becoming distinct factors in the local situation; as an educationist he fought for the general application of Mr. Forster's Act, and as far as was possible aimed to make the Birmingham school system compulsory, secular and free. The municipal schemes which he carried out may be briefly summarized as the result of managing the city upon a bold and comprehensive business basis. He turned the corporation into a huge firm, of which he was himself the directing head and the controlling impulse. Under this plan of operations, the town bought up the gas-works and reduced the price to the people by over a shilling. The capital value of the concern is now \$11,000,000, and the annual profit \$150,000. Then the town bought up the waterworks, paid the shareholders \$160,000 per annum, and created a property now supposed to be worth \$11,000,000, while improving

the supply and reducing the rates by nearly \$80,000 a year. The next step was to purchase what were termed the "central slums," by means of \$8,000,000 of borrowed money. Corporation street was then constructed within the improved area, and when the leases fall in some fifty years hence, Birmingham will be the richest civic corporation in the world. Finally a drainage union with neighbouring towns was formed and a model sewage farm of 1,200 acres and costing \$2,000,000 was established.

Although these and other great changes raised the debt of the city from five to fifty millions of dollars, Mr. Chamberlain has recently pointed out that apart from the new service for elementary education, "the rates of Birmingham are less than they were thirty years ago and the total charge is rather more than twenty shillings per head of the population, or about one-fifth of the charge of local administration in the city of Boston." Such success in municipal government naturally attracted more than local attention and together with his addresses upon Education in various parts of the country, lent some public interest to his Parliamentary candidature for Sheffield in 1874. Another feature at this period was his reputation for advanced Radicalism. He was popularly looked upon as a Republican and has never denied having had theoretical sympathy with the principle. So rife were these stories at the time, that when the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Birmingham in 1874 there was much speculation as to how the Mayor would entertain his Royal guests and what he would say to them upon the occasion. The *Times* even repeated a story to the effect that Mr. Chamberlain had been given an audience by the Prince and had "endeavored to explain to him, with only partial success, the advantage of surrendering to the people his rights of succession." But as might have been expected, "his reception of the

Prince and Princess was simple, dignified and becoming, and his speeches as distinguished for loyal courtesy as for self-respect."

This was however an unfortunate time for Radical candidates even in such hot-beds of that political persuasion as Birmingham. Sir Charles Dilke's misguided and silly attacks upon the Queen and the monarchy had not only brought intense popular odium upon himself, but had re-acted upon his friends and those who were even suspected of adhesion to Republicanism. And combined with the Conservative wave sweeping over the country, this proved too much for Mr. Chamberlain; and for the first and last time he was defeated in a contest for the House of Commons. A few months afterwards a clear and comprehensive article from his pen appeared in the *Fortnightly* and constituted the first of those political "programmes" which he has proved so successful in proposing and so effective in transforming into legislation. He took the extreme Radical view, denounced his leaders under a thin veil of politeness, and demanded a complete system of national education, the multiplication of small holdings, the abolition of the Game Laws, reform of the representation and the separation of Church and State. Free land, free labor, free church and free schools, was his condensed summary of this very advanced platform. With such opinions and a reputation even more startling than he deserved, it was little wonder that Mr. Chamberlain should attract some attention on being returned to the Commons by acclamation at a bye-election in 1876. Birmingham expressed itself clearly and strongly and now it is probable that, no matter what course he might take, his constituency would support him with conspicuous devotion. The old Tory members of the House expected to find in the great Birmingham Radical some fearsome sight, and rather expected that his appearance and first



THE RT.-HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

speech would prove a shock to Parliamentary taste and prestige, a blow to precedent and the constitution. Shirt-sleeves and a short clay pipe were amongst the minor things anticipated. When he did rise to address the House on February 17th, 1877, its expectant members saw a slimly built, youthful-looking man with a regulation black coat and waist-coat, an appearance of quiet dignity and self-possession and—an eye glass! The sight was too much for veteran Con-

servatives such as Sir Walter Barttelot. The "barbarian from the Black Country" had actually proved a man of quiet and aristocratic bearing, and the speech which followed upon the Prisons Bill was listened to with attention and was delivered in a low, clear, and well controlled voice.

From this time Mr. Chamberlain's rise was as rapid as his municipal experience had been phenomenal. With Sir Charles Dilke he assumed the lead of the Advanced Radical and Liberal

element in the country. In pressing his platform of Social Reform during the elections of 1885, he enunciated what was popularly known as "the three acres and a cow policy," and described his general political objects in the following words:

"I am confident in the capacity of a wise Government resting upon the representation of the whole people to do something to add to the sum of human happiness, to smooth the way for misfortune and poverty. We are told that this country is the paradise of the rich. It should be our duty to see that it does not become the purgatory of the poor. What I say is that the community as a whole, co-operating for the benefit of all, may do something to add to the sum of human happiness,—do something to make the life of all its citizens, especially the poorest of them, somewhat better, somewhat nobler, somewhat greater and somewhat happier."

During these elections, the last for many years in which Ireland and Home Rule were not the chief topics, Mr. Chamberlain pressed this "unauthorized programme" of Social Reform. The result, despite cold water thrown upon it by his leaders, was that the Liberal defeat in the towns was changed into a victory in the counties, where, as some one has put it, "the three acres and a cow romped in." He had already held the Presidency of the Board of Trade between 1880 and 1885, and, during the brief interregnum from office which had followed the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Government in the House, he obtained a position in the country which made him almost a necessary part of any future Liberal cabinet. His political tour of Scotland was especially noteworthy as having raised a storm upon the question of church disestablishment. When, therefore, amid rumors of party disintegration and the wildest stories of his proposed policy regarding Ireland, Mr. Gladstone tried to form his third ministry in January, 1886, much depended upon the attitude assumed by Mr. Chamberlain. Lord Hartington held aloof, and refused to join any minis-

try which even dallied with Home Rule. Mr. Chamberlain, after prolonged negotiations, accepted the post of President of the Local Government Board, but only held it until the Premier's Irish proposals had taken definite form, when he resigned office, and utterly repudiated his leader's policy.

In view of the subsequent discussions and its own historic and intrinsic interest, I quote the following letter written by him on January 30th, 1886:—

"MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE:

"I have availed myself of the opportunity you have kindly afforded me to consider further your offer of a seat in your Government. I recognize the justice of your view that the question of Ireland is paramount to all others and must first engage your attention. The statement of your intention to examine whether it is practicable to comply with the wishes of the majority of the Irish people, as testified by the return of eighty-five representatives of the Nationalist party, does not go beyond your previous public declarations, while the conditions which you attach to the possibility of such compliance seem to me adequate, and are also in accordance with your repeated public utterances. But I have already thought it due to you to say that, according to my present judgment, it will not be found possible to reconcile those conditions with the establishment of a national legislative body sitting in Dublin, and I have explained my own preference for an attempt to come to terms with the Irish members on the basis of a more limited scheme of local government, coupled with proposals for a settlement of the land, and, perhaps, also of the education question. You have been kind enough, after hearing these opinions, to repeat your request that I should join your Government, and you have explained that in this case I shall retain 'unlimited liberty of judgment and rejection' on any scheme that may hereafter be proposed, and that the full consideration of such minor proposals as I have referred to as an alternative to any larger arrangement will not be excluded by you. On the other hand, I have no difficulty in assuring you of my readiness to give an unprejudiced examination to any more extensive proposals that may be made, with an anxious desire that the results may be more favorable than I am at present able to anticipate. In the circumstances and with the most earnest hope that I may be able in any way to assist you in your most difficult work, I beg to accept the offer you have

made to submit my name to Her Majesty for a post in the new Government.

"I am, my dear Mr. Gladstone,

"Yours sincerely,

"J. CHAMBERLAIN."

This exhibits Mr. Chamberlain's view, and explains his unwillingness to accept the vast and sweeping proposals afterwards presented to the Cabinet and the Commons, in Mr. Gladstone's characteristically independent and masterful way. Then came his retirement from the Government, and the consequent formation of the Liberal Unionist party. Mr. Chamberlain has since proved perhaps the most brilliant and bitter opponent of Home Rule, and the most caustic critic of the veteran Liberal leader. The breach has grown until re-union has become impossible, and the old-time Liberals of what may be termed the Chamberlain wing, have drifted from an occasional alliance with the Conservatives into a pronounced union, and what now looks like a permanent assimilation. To the Birmingham leader, more than to any other single man, the defeat of Home Rule is due, and for this reason we in Canada should take the American cable reports concerning him with more than the traditional grain of salt. Some of our newspapers provide us through this system with so much perverted British news, that it is difficult to form in an ordinary way a just judgment of much that transpires in England. It is not altogether their fault, though more care in culling out evidently false and coloured statements from the despatches would be desirable, and is indeed a duty. Some day perhaps we shall have our own cable service instead of an anti-British and Americanized system. Meanwhile it may be generally accepted that the motives imputed to British leaders—if Conservative in belief, or aristocratic in position and view—are far from accurate. Hence the "dead set" made during recent months upon Lord Rosebery—the Peer

Premier—and the absurdly exaggerated place given Mr. Labouchere. But this in passing.

Whatever our views on Home Rule may be, it should be remembered that British statesmen are, almost without exception, honourable men, and are entitled to consideration in any personal change of belief or political affiliation. And despite the much-quoted and very partisan opinions of able publicists such as Justin McCarthy or W. T. Stead, it seems to me that Mr. Chamberlain was justified from his point of view in his political course and political sacrifices. He is no more a "political chameleon" than was Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli, Lord Derby or Sir Robert Peel, in their now historic changes of opinion or line of action. Certainly, his social and reform platform has been as consistent as it was persistent. In 1892, through the columns of the *Nineteenth Century* he outlined a second programme—his first having been in some measure achieved. Summarized briefly, it is as follows:—

I. Legislation for shortening the hours of work for miners.

II. Regulations for the earlier closing of shops.

III. Establishment of tribunals of arbitration in trade disputes.

IV. Compensation for injuries to workmen by employers, and to the widows and children in case of death.

V. Old age pensions for deserving poor.

VI. Restriction and control of pauper immigration.

VII. Increased facilities and powers to local authorities to make town improvements, and prepare for the better housing of the poor.

VIII. Power to local authorities to advance money and otherwise aid workingmen in becoming house-owners.

Such is the platform which Mr. Chamberlain has now as a Unionist given to the Conservative party. Just as he once forced a still more compre-

hensive and sweeping array of schemes upon the Liberal leaders, and stood amongst them as an advanced and advancing Radical, so he now stands amongst the Peers and leaders of Toryism as a progressive and progressing Reformer. In this respect he is but little changed. His watchword twenty years ago was the amelioration of popular conditions; it is still the central principle in his political code. And it is surely a good thing to improve the social state of the nation, whether it be done through the common processes of Radical fire and fury, or the more sedate and cautious aid of aristocratic intelligence and affiliation.

And now a word as to his Colonial principles and schemes. Mr. Chamberlain is intensely ambitious, and it is therefore all the more gratifying to see, that like Lord Rosebery, and all the men of the future in Great Britain, he realizes the mighty potency of the Imperial principle of unity and expansion. It is, in fact, the most popular idea now underlying and controlling British politics. It is not a new sentiment with Mr. Chamberlain, though it does not apparently date back further than the ministry of 1880-1885. Up to that time he seems to have been a passive, though not an active, member of that school of "drift," which once threatened the Empire with disintegration, but which has now practically disappeared. The active principle, it is true, remains here and there in the utterances of a few isolated survivals of the political past, such as Mr. Goldwin Smith or Mr. John Morley, but speaking generally, the Colonial theories of the Manchester School have vanished as completely as the New Zealand Dodo. No one is quicker at recognizing such changes than Mr. Chamberlain, and it was only natural that his development in political life and influence should run side by side with a similar development in his own breadth of view and Imperial sentiment. Speaking at the Devonshire Club on April 9th, 1888, he referred

fully to his opinions and position in this connection:

"In the case of the United States of America I hope for amity and peace, and I ask for nothing more. Our course has been marked out for us as separate and independent, but I hope as friendly nations. But is it necessary, is it desirable that our relations with Canada, with our great colonies in Australasia and South Africa, should follow the same course, should result in a similar absolute independence. I am willing to submit to the charge of being a sentimentalist, when I say to you that I will never willingly admit of any policy that will tend to weaken the ties between the different branches of the Anglo-Saxon race which form the British Empire, the vast Dominions of the Queen. I feel myself a natural pride in the restless energy and dauntless courage which have created this great Empire. I feel a satisfaction in the constant evidence which is given us of the affectionate attachment of our fellow-subjects throughout the world to their old home. It seems to me that it would be unpatriotic to do anything which would discourage this sentiment—that it would be cowardly and unworthy to repudiate the obligations and responsibilities which the situation entails upon us."

And speaking in Toronto shortly before this, he had expressed the hope that "the Confederation of Canada might be the lamp to light our pathway to the Confederation of the British Empire." With these views he has now assumed, by his own express wish, the Colonial portfolio in a powerful British Government, and we may well hope and believe that such expressions precede the way to a practical, though probably not complete development of the policy outlined. There is much to do. The federation of Australia is slowly approaching. That of South Africa, under the guiding genius of Mr. Rhodes, is a certainty. The development of our vast Canadian North-West, the settlement of the Newfoundland fisheries question, the laying of a cable between Canada and Australia, the growth of Imperial trade and commerce, all come within his purview. We may therefore trust and expect that he will rise to the full level of his great abilities and noble opportunities.

Mr. Chamberlain lives in a beautiful country house called "Highbury," near Birmingham, and there it was that he brought his charming American bride some half-dozen years ago. Miss Endicott was the daughter of a very old and respected family of Massachusetts—one of the few "governing families" of the great Republic. Mr. Chamberlain met her in Washington while negotiating the Fisheries Treaty of 1888, and though unsuccessful in getting the Treaty through the Senate, he was certainly successful in winning a wife. Mrs. Chamberlain is very popular in Birmingham, but takes no active part in public life, and probably shares her husband's aversion to "woman's rights," and all the fantastic fads included under that generic name.

But I must stop here and only add in conclusion that the future of the Conservative or Unionist party lies in the hands of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour. No abler leader could be found than Lord Salisbury, but he is not personally fond of politics, and when the time comes for a successor to be chosen, it will be interesting to note which of these two powerful personalities will first come to the front. The chances, and indeed the best of party claims are now with Mr. Balfour, but if his colleague should inaugurate and carry into effect a great Imperial policy, his prestige would be enhanced to a degree which might make the issue uncertain. Meantime Canada is almost certain to benefit by his genius for organization, for detail, and for execution.

## AULD DONALD'S LAMENT.

ON New Year's e'en, when folk are auld,  
And bluid is thin and winter cauld,  
Ah, this is but a weary world  
Gin we no' get our whiskey.

Our friends they sit so dour and black,  
A' waitin' round to hae a snack,  
They'll no' gie out a single crack  
Until they hae their whiskey.

There's naething lightsome in their heels,  
The bluid aboot their heart congeals,  
They canna dance their foursome-reels  
For wantin' o' their whiskey.

How weel a body feels when fou,  
It makes him fain to pree a mou',  
One daurna' kiss his dearie noo,  
And a' for want o' whiskey.

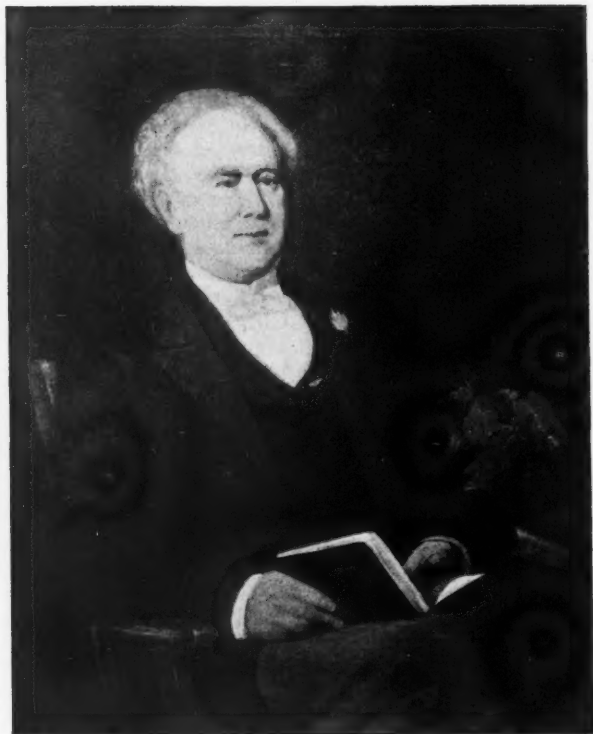
Counfound this silly Temp'rance craze,  
That keeps ane drouthty a' his days;  
I'd rather ha'e my drink than claes,  
O wae is me, for whiskey.

Could I but gang to Parliament,  
The last bawbee I had were spent  
To brake up a' their divilment,  
And gie me back my whiskey.

'Cause ane pair chiel takes mair'n enoo'  
They rin like sheep, that skelter through  
An open yet; to stay the brew  
And stop the flow of whiskey.

The daftit fules are no' like men,  
What's a' about I dinna ken,  
But I'd be grawin' young again  
Could I but get my whiskey.

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE.



ALEXANDER MUIR, B.A.

Painted from Life by W. A. Sherwood.

## CANADA'S NATIONAL SONG;

ITS AUTHOR AND ITS ORIGIN.

BY JOHN A. COOPER, B.A., LL.B.

AWAY back in the "forties," in one of the humble homes of a Canadian village, there might have been seen, one summer day, a kindly Scotch "meenister," holding between his knees a curly-headed youth. The minister was catechising him as to his Sunday school attendance and his knowledge of the Bible, and found him very proficient.

"And he has made a poem, too," said his Sunday-school teacher, the

resident minister, who was also present. "He has put it to the music of 'Scots wa ha'!"

"Let us hear you sing it, Alexander," said the visiting minister.

And the youthful poet sang it with his boyish simplicity and power, as if touched with Divine inspiration.

The minister put his hands on the boy's curly pate, and spake the prophetic words:

"Ye'll be weel ken'd yet afore ye dee."

And the mother, after the manner of Scotch folk, treasured the saying in her heart, and encouraged little Alexander in his poetical and musical creations.

That minister was the celebrated Scotch Divine, Dr. Norman McLeod, then on a visit to this country, and that youth was afterwards the author of Canada's national song.

In October, 1867, two men were walking in a Toronto garden, a nursery. The dying maple leaves were falling from the trees, to be trodden under foot in spite of all their glory of crimson and gold coloring. A leaf fluttered down to the coat sleeve of one of the men, and was detained by the roughness of the cloth of which the garment was made. He tried to brush it off and thought he had succeeded, but as he was leaving he discovered that it was still hanging there, and its tenacity impressed itself upon his mind.

He remarked the occurrence to his companion, who was bidding him "good afternoon," and the latter said: "You have been writing verses, why not write a song about the maple leaf?"

This was about four o'clock in the day, and in less than two hours afterwards the poem was written that has made the name of Alexander Muir a household word in every part of Canada.

Next day he was playing with his children and repeating the words of the poem aloud. His wife suggested that he set the words to music, so that he might sing them; for he had a pleasant, sonorous voice. He thereupon tried several tunes, but could find nothing to suit him.

"I'll have to compose one myself," he said, and in a few hours afterwards the beautiful tune that has gladdened the hearts and refreshed the souls of thousands of Canadian patriots, that has reached the ears of thousands of

English-speaking people in the United States and Great Britain, was on paper.

The following is the poem as corrected by the author:

#### THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

In days of yore the hero Wolfe,  
Britain's glory did maintain,  
And planted firm Britannia's flag  
On Canada's fair domain,  
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,  
And, joined in love together,  
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwined,  
The Maple Leaf forever!

#### CHORUS.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,  
The Maple Leaf forever!  
God save our Queen, and heaven bless  
The Maple Leaf forever!

On many hard-fought battle-fields,  
Our brave fathers, side by side,  
For freedom, homes and loved ones dear  
Firmly stood, and nobly died:  
And those dear rights which they maintained,  
We swear to yield them never!  
We'll rally round the Union Jack,  
The Maple Leaf forever!

In autumn time, our emblem dear  
Dons its tints of crimson hue;  
Our blood would dye a deeper red,  
Shed, dear Canada for you!  
Ere sacred right our fathers won  
To foemen we deliver,  
We'll fighting die—our battle-cry,  
"The Maple Leaf forever!"

God bless our loved Canadian homes,  
Our Dominion's vast domain;  
May plenty ever be our lot,  
And peace hold an endless reign;  
Our Union, bound by ties of love,  
That discord cannot sever,  
And flourish green, o'er Freedom's home,  
The Maple Leaf forever!

On Merry England's far-famed land,  
May kind heaven sweetly smile;  
God bless old Scotland evermore,  
And Ireland's emerald isle!  
Then swell the song, both loud and long,  
Till rocks and forests quiver;  
God save our Queen, and heaven bless,  
The Maple Leaf forever.

Soon after its composition Mr. Muir sang the song for a party of friends, among whom was the late Edward Lawson, a gentleman then prominent in the musical circles of Ontario's Cap-

ital city. Mr. Lawson recognized its merit, and insisted that it should be published. He accompanied Mr. Muir one day to the *Guardian* office, where arrangements were made for publication. The first edition of one thousand copies was struck off and placed on sale.

The cost of this edition was \$30, and this Mr. Muir paid out of his own pocket, although he had not expected to be compelled to do so. The total receipts from the sale of this edition—that found their way to Mr. Muir's pocket—were \$4. Thus his profits were \$26 less than nothing.

Year by year the song grew more popular. Music dealers found it increasingly in demand, and one enterprising publishing house thought it worth securing—mark the word—and of their own accord copyrighted it, and issued another edition. Since then the sale has been enormous and the profits considerable, but not a penny of the latter has found its way to Mr. Muir. Such has been its financial success for the author. He is still \$26 behind in his publishing venture.

But if "The Maple Leaf Forever" did not bring him a monetary profit, it has brought him the profound gratitude, sincere respect, and imperishable love of a nation. His name is enrolled in the list of Canada's heroes—with Cartier, Champlain, Montcalm, Wolfe, McGee, Howe, Macdonald, and many others, who, though they have passed beyond the ken of mortal man, are still loved and revered. To-day Alexander Muir holds an enviable position in the hearts of the Canadian people, and it will be ever so. In Toronto, where he lives, being Principal of one of the Queen City's large public schools, he is a welcome and respected guest at all political and social gatherings, and possesses a host of friends and admirers who are always willing and pleased to do him honor. Perhaps in no place is he more at home or more lionized than in the Sergeant's Mess of that regiment with

which he was long connected, and which bears the Maple Leaf as its emblem, the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada.

Although Alexander Muir has lived in this country since the time when his limbs were first learning their strength, Canada has not the honor of containing his birth-place. His father, John Muir, taught school in Lesmanhagow, Lanarkshire, Scotland, and there Alexander was born. His early education was received at a school in the township of Scarboro (near Toronto), and at Queen's University, Kingston, from which he graduated in 1851. His whole life has been spent teaching in and around Toronto.

The photograph which heads this article shows Mr. Muir as he is to-day. It is taken from a painting by Mr. W. A. Sherwood, and reproduces, in a remarkably accurate manner, the open and noble countenance of the man whom Canada delights to honor. On his coat lapel is a small silver maple leaf, the gift of a lady who is the leader of Canadian women, a lover of everything which is good and noble and true, and Canadian.

Personally, Mr. Muir does not despise fame, but he has not courted it. He loves Canada, he loves her British freedom, her British-born institutions, and her British connections. Out of the fulness of his intense patriotism, he has given the country that he loves a song as enthusiastic, as patriotic, and as noble as he is himself. By so doing, he has done as much as any other of our national heroes to create and mould that national life which is now surging within her veins, and developing her into a Queen among the nations.

His simple frankness, his cheerful contentedness, his open nobility and kindly good-humor have made him a universal favorite among those who have been honored with his acquaintance. His high integrity, his love of truth and right, have made him a

noble husband, a loving father, and an admirable model for the Canadian youth among whom he has spent his life.

In 1890, Mr. Muir wrote another beautiful song, "Canada, Land of the Maple Tree," of which the first verse and chorus are :

No foreign power sha'l o'er us rule,  
Our liberties enthral ;  
Fair British play shall ho'd the sway,  
With equal rights for all.  
No other race shall o'er displace  
The sons from Britan sprung ;  
Our school shall teach our noble speech,  
The Anglo-Saxon tongue.

CHORUS.

We're Britons born, are Britons still,  
And Britons aye shall be,  
The Union Jack, the flag we love,  
Shall guard our Maple tree.

A copy of this was sent by the author to the late Sir John A. Macdonald, and he replied that he would adopt the chorus as his life motto. Although he lived only a short time afterwards, it was long enough to make famous his well-known phrase (suggested by the chorus):

"A British subject I was born,  
A British subject I will die."

## MOUNT ROYAL—TWO SONNETS.

### I.

#### THE PASSING OF AUTUMN.

SENESCENCE reigneth over all supreme,  
Save where, in these vast desolated halls  
The lowly moss clings to the granite walls,  
And a lone weed dispels a barren dream ;  
The golden-rod hath spent its latest gleam  
On the sere grass ; the yellow bramble sprawls  
Where the last petal of the aster falls,  
And where the crisp fern rustles by a stream.  
No more the joyous bird-notes trill and flow ;  
A silence reigns—as in a city old,  
Buried and still ; the glory of the leaf  
Hath passed away ; life lies in overthrow,  
Benumbed with the nepenthe of the cold ;  
The winds proclaim the bare world's silent grief.

### II.

#### WINTER—THE FIRST SNOW.

How tenderly this white-winged silence flies  
From grove to grove ; upon this couch of down  
A multitude of tired things are strown,  
And some but rest and some no more shall rise ;  
Where the wan maple boughs beseech the skies  
A dead leaf shivers ; and the sun's last frown  
Is purple in the distant woods of brown ;  
The shadows lengthen and the daylight dies.  
The silver billows and the silver moon,  
The silver stars, the shimmering silver shore,  
Have charmed the winds and they forget to blow.  
It is a peace that passeth all too soon ;  
These voices threaten, skies are darkling, o'er  
Yon upland strides the storm ; come, let us go !

Montreal, Que.

KEPPEL STRANGE.

## THE HOME LIFE OF EUGENE FIELD.

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

WHAT a strangely empty place that big house in Buena Park, North Chicago, must seem now that the "good, gay poet" goes no more in and out of its doors, and through its rooms!

In a way, there was a likeness between the house and the man, a tall and rather uncouth structure in the midst of others more graceful and pretentious, but with an individuality about it which no one could fail to notice. Once inside it and you were in an atmosphere foreign to the great busy, money-getting city—an atmosphere of intellectuality, of good comradeship, and of restfulness. There was a mustiness in it, maybe, a reminder from the old parchments and worm-eaten works of hands long dead, the tid-bits which are the meat and drink of the biblomaniac, find him where you will.

"Gene spends too much on his treasures," Mrs. Field would say. "And worse still, he will sit up till morning gloating over them, foolish fellow! I tell him he makes idols out of the queer old mouldy things, and worships at unseemly hours."

"And I tell her that I've been an idolator and worshipped at unseemly hours ever since I came across a little brown-eyed girl, and being young and foolish at the time, set up an altar before I knew it," he would answer. And the woman who was once the little brown-eyed girl would laugh and listen with complacency while he told quaint stories of their early days of housekeeping, of his chronic habit of asking people to dinner on wash-days, of his forgetfulness of all commonplace but quite necessary things, of trials he fell into through following the advice of "the boys" who,

being bachelors, knew no more about advising a married man than an old maid knew of baby talk. They were always "the boys" to him. It made no difference that time was getting pretty well acquainted with them.

"My wife ought to look old—if worry made wrinkles she would have them in plenty, for she took a great task on herself when she married me." And he would sink his voice, and tell of a dream he had once upon a time. How he dreamed that he went to heaven, and meeting a venerable looking man, asked him his name.

"I am Job," was the answer.

"Oh, you're that patient man! I'm proud to make your acquaintance, Mr. Job."

"Yes, I was the most patient mortal the world knew at one time, but I've heard since that there is a woman now living who has beaten my record all to pieces."

"And the old reportorial instinct springing up within him, he grasped his note book, and asked the name of this woman, her place of residence, etc., etc."

"She lives in a wicked place called Chicago, and her name is Mrs. Eugene Field."

"Now, think of that," Mr. Field would say, "and all because I sometimes lose myself in my riches like any other miser."

His riches were of the kind he loved—books—books—books; everywhere in all that house they were piled; beautifully bound books, books with queer old leather binding, books without any binding of any kind! Then his cabinets of curios! It was like losing one's self in queer old-world places to go through them. Is there a charm in it? Well, take up a

portrait painted in ivory when painting was a new gift from the gods, or a cup fashioned by an old and long-forgotten master in colors, the tiny cross of gold which once lay on the broken heart of a queen, and see for yourself. Riches! If the canvasses and the statues which abound could speak, they could tell a tale of how and when and where the genial poet's fortune went when he spent those months in Europe.

He loved the blazing grate and an easy chair, and to have about him the people he liked. Just opposite his favorite seat hung the portrait of a youthful woman with wide apart grey eyes and hair combed low in the manner of other days.

"The sweetest woman that ever lived—no wonder God wanted her home early," he said one day, and I saw the mist in his eyes and heard the heart-love pulsing in his voice, "My little mother who left me when I was but six years old. I talk to the picture sometimes—and yet I am no sentimentalist as you know. But I have a strange yearning on me when I think over the motherless years of my childhood. It was not long ago that a fresh-voiced Scotch laddie made a baby of me with singing "My ain bonnie Mither," to a sad old air. Such queer mixtures we are!"

One day a friend was congratulating him on his success.

"It seems to me," said the friend, "that there can be no might-have-beens hanging around you. You have everything, home, wife, your bright children, your brilliant career—there seems nothing wanting."

"I have a thousand-fold more than my deserts, and yet, if my mother had but lived to feel a little, just a little, proud of her boy!" This from the man who a moment before had had his guests, one and all, convulsed with laughter. His fun was genuine, his humor irresistible. He was one

"Whose heart God kept from growing old."

F

And this was the secret of his success with the young—he was in touch with them, his stories and poems were written for them, and now that he is dead they grieve for him deeply and sincerely.

He was the idol of his own bright boys and of his tall slender daughter, so like himself. His home life was a most beautiful poem in itself. I can see him now in homely dressing-gown, and slippers a world too big, the gift of an oriental admirer, with the smallest of the flock on his knee rocking and singing softly to a measure of his own the lullabies which brought him fame and praise. Such simple songs!

The Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by street,  
Comes stealing, comes creeping;  
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,  
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet.  
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,  
When she findeth you sleeping!

Would you dream all those dreams  
That are tiny and fleet?  
They'll find you sleeping;  
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,  
For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by street,  
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,  
Comes stealing, comes creeping.

Or perhaps it would be that little song which so many children the world over have heard—

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—  
Sailed on a river of misty light  
Into a sea of dew.  
"Where are you going and what do you wish?"  
The old moon asked the three.  
"We have come to fish for the herring fish  
That live in this beautiful sea;  
Nets of silver and gold have we,"  
Said Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew;

The little stars were the herring fish  
 That lived in the beautiful sea.  
 "Now cast your net, wherever you wish,  
 But never afraid are we!"  
 So cried the stars of the fishermen three,  
     Wynken,  
     Blynken,  
     And Nod.

By-and-by some one importunes for a story.

"The one you wrote the day we had to keep so quiet, papa?"

"Oh, you had to keep quiet, did you? 'Tis too bad. You shouldn't have come to this house. Why didn't you petition to have a millionaire pork man for a father instead of a scribbler, you poor little wretches? Well, you shall have a story anyway."

The laughter and tears are close together in many of his stories and his songs. These were written in the hush and silence of sorrow, which fell when the "gayest laddie of all the group" slipped out of the home. He is hearing the echo of a laugh, the sound of a step, feeling the strong little hands, perhaps, as his deep voice goes on with the story of Barbara and the Prince.

"Barbara, my little one," said the Prince, "awaken and come with me," and the Prince took Barbara in his arms and blessed her, and returned with the child unto His home, while the forest and the sky and the angels sang a wondrous song.

What was his creed? some one asked but yesterday. Nay, never mind the creed. He loved children and birds and flowers; he had sympathy for all sorrow, and reverence for all good. A man like Eugene Field says little about his creed. He acts it day by day.

In his little book of profitable tales, he tells the story of Bill the editor, who would get drunk but who wrote poetry with heart in it; we quote from it:

"He had a piece in the paper about our little girl," said old man Baker, "we cut it out and put it in the big Bible in the front room. Sometimes when we get to fussing Martha gets that bit of paper and reads it to me; then us two cry to ourselves, and make up for the dead child's sake. Bil's dead, and the folks is wonderin' whether his immortal soul is all right but I ain't worrying over him. Why just imagine Bill a-standing up for judgment; just imagine that poor, sorrowful, shiverin' critter, waitin' for his turn to c me. Picture, if you can, how full of penitence he is, and how full of poetry, and gentleness, and misery. Of course we can't comprehend Divine mercy; we only know that it is full of compassion—a compassion infinitely tenderer and sweeter than ours. And Bill will stand up miserable and tremblin', and unworthy perhaps, but twined about all over, with singin' and pleadin' little children—an' that is pleasin' in God's sight, I know. What would you—what would I—say, if we wuz settin' in judgment then?"

Why, we'd just kind of brush the moisture from our eyes and say: Mistur Recordin' Angel, you may *nolly* *pros* this case 'nd perseed with the docket."

Not so orthodox as might be, but with a strong grip on the love and mercy of the Father.

And as I said in beginning, the big house in Buena Park must seem strangely empty now. It was good to know that he died at home. Death was courteous. Instead of tapping him on the shoulder in a strange place, he came slipping in through the home door, came quietly and swiftly in the deep stillness of the autumn night. At dawn the poet knew the secret he had longed to know—the secret of eternal rest.

## FAITH HEALING, MIND CURING, CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BY JOHN FERGUSON, M.A., M.D.

THE three phrases: Faith Healing, Mind Curing, Christian Science, do not mean the same thing. There is a wide difference in the teachings of the respective advocates of the above methods of curing our many maladies. By Faith Healing we understand that the effect is immediate. The disease is cured at once, or the attempt is a failure. The sufferer must have faith. In Mind Cure this faith is not a postulate. The mind is centred upon the object sought—the cure: and the stimulus so obtained brings about the desired result. In Christian Science there is the belief that mind is everything and governs everything, and that all sickness is the direct result of sin. The only means of cure is faith in the power of mind over matter, and that if the mind is whole there can be no disease. Sickness is an illusion to be annihilated by mind.

It will readily be seen that there is a great deal of difference in theory in these forms of healing. In Faith Healing the result must be immediate, hence the number of pretended cures have been very few. There are few conditions that yield immediately to any form of treatment. An ordinary "nervous spell," or hysterical fit is the best example of an attack of illness that passes off suddenly. Not so in Mind Curing or Christian Science. Here we have slower processes. There are a great many diseases that are self-limited in time; and, in many cases, a recovery will take place without the aid of any form of treatment. It is in such cases as these that Christian Science claims its most brilliant examples.

This practice of Christian Science is not new. In all ages and conditions there have been those who resorted to

divination, astrology or withcraft, healing the sick by some mysterious power. This power was once supposed to rest in the person of the King. He could cure diseases by the laying on of his hands. The belief in a supernatural agency in the curing of diseases is widespread. It is found in all countries and among all tribes. Some of the idols of India have a great reputation for the curing of the diseased persons who are brought to them. The views held by the Christian Scientists that mind governs everything, that it is the only sentient thing, that the origin of all disease is mental, are merely re-statements of former beliefs of the pantheistic type that God is in everything; and that all diseases are cured by Him in some way, or through some incantation or invocation of His favor. When the Christian Scientists say that all diseases are wholly from the mind, and that all these are cured by the mind, they are changing the terms, but the fundamental beliefs are the same.

Christian Science by name dates back to 1866. It owes its origin to Mary Baker Glover, now Mrs. Eddy. For some time before this, she had been meditating upon and studying the Scriptures. As the result of these meditations and studies, we now have Christian Science, as explained in her book, "Science and Health." Throughout this work the writer strives to elaborate her opinions and beliefs that matter possesses neither sensation nor life; that experience shows the falsity of all material things; that mind is all in all; that the only realities are the divine mind and idea, and that matter is naught. According to Christian Science, "all cause and effect is mental, not physical; and what is

termed matter is the subjective state of what is here termed mortal mind." Mrs. Eddy, in contrasting Christian Science with physical science, makes use of the language: "Christian Science is pre-eminently scientific, being based on Truth, the principle of all science. Physical science (so-called), is human knowledge—a law of mortal mind, a blind belief, a Samson shorn of his strength." "Adhesion, cohesion and attraction are properties of mind. Spirit is the life, substance, and continuity of all things." "Matter will be finally proven to be nothing but a mortal illusion, wholly inadequate to affect man through its supposed organic action or existence." "There is no physical science, inasmuch as all true science proceeds from Divine Intelligence. Science cannot therefore be human, and is not a law of matter; for matter is not a law-giver." "Obedience to the so-called physical laws of health has not checked sickness." "I have discerned disease in the human mind, and recognized the patient's fear of it, many weeks before the so-called disease made its appearance in the body." "There can be no healing except by mind, however much we trust the drug, or any other means towards which human faith is directed." "Man is spiritual, individual and eternal; material structure would make man mortal." "All disease is the result of education, and can carry its ill effects no further than mortal mind maps out the way." "Human mind produces what is termed organic diseases as certainly as it produces hysteria." "To reduce inflammation, dissolve a tumor, or cure organic disease, I have found mind more potent than all lower remedies." "The dream of disease is like the dream we have in sleep, wherein every one recognizes suffering to be wholly in mortal mind." "Mind has no affinity with matter, and therefore Truth is able to cast out the ills of the flesh." "Every sort of sickness is a degree of insanity; that is, sickness is always

hallucination." "Treat a belief in sickness as you would sin, with sudden dismissal."

The above quotations, taken at random from Mrs. Eddy's work on "Science and Health," must prove a revelation to those who have not looked into the claims of Christian Science. It would be difficult indeed to conceive of how anyone could gather so much nonsense into such a limited space. Surely it is time this so-called science received some serious consideration, since those who hold such opinions are taking it upon themselves to treat diseases along the lines of the above teachings. When such teachings become the basis for the treatment of dangerous diseases, then it is time to call a halt. When an adult of mature years and sound mind elects to be treated by such a system, he must to some extent take the consequences of his own choice; but when children and those less able to judge for themselves, fall into the hands of those who teach such folly as that a case of small-pox is caused by some mental state, then it is time for the State to take action, and for every right minded person to raise a vigorous protest.

"The three great verities of spirit—Omnipotence, Omnipresence, Omniscience,—spirit possessing all power, filling all space, constituting all science,—these three verities contradict forever the belief that matter can be actual." One would think that any system, founded upon teachings so absurd as the above could not possibly meet with sufficient favor to maintain even a brief existence. Nor does it at the hands of the thoughtful. There may be some who have given it their countenance, but who have not taken the trouble to look into its real teachings. It is to be hoped that these will soon give the matter such consideration as will enable them to form correct notions of Christian Science; and, if this be done, it may safely be assumed that they will no longer lend their names to a sys-

tem that stultifies reason and mocks religion.

Christian Science holds that sin and sickness are identical. To say that when any devout Christian is sick, it is the direct result of sin, is too absurd to be entertained for a moment. Or, that if he continues ill, there is a want of faith. When this teaching is applied to actual cases, its contradictions appear manifest. Think of all the earnest workers in good causes, and the terrible sufferings they have endured, and at once we have a complete refutation of the dogma that sin and sickness are the same. Health is not an evidence of piety. Some desperately bad people which most of us can readily recall from history and from among our acquaintances, have enjoyed throughout life remarkably good health.

We reach the acme of absurdity in the following sentence: "Man is never sick, for mind is not sick and matter cannot be. A false belief is both the tempter and the tempted, the sin and the sinner, the disease and its cause. It is well to understand that sickness is a delusion." Mind is not sick according to Christian Science, but is the seat of a false belief and this delusion is sickness. It does seem strange that mind should be considered to be so perfect as not to be sick, and yet be the home of false beliefs and delusions which pass for sickness by this system, which is a mixture of follies and impossibilities.

No physician, or person of good observation and experience doubts the influence of the mind on the body, both in health and disease. But on the other hand, the condition of the body has a great influence on the mind. This the Christian Scientists deny; but those who have any experience with the insane, know vastly better than any deluded Scientist who contends that man is not structural, that disease is a dream, and that belief is what enables a drug to cure. The body has an influence on the mind,

and the mind has an influence on the body.

Grant this influence of mind on body, is there any foundation for the opinion that it ever influences the course of disease? Before answering this question it may be well to give a simple classification of diseases for the purpose of this article.

There are diseases, or conditions, that are known as functional. Such conditions include many attacks of fits, hysteria, some forms of pain and paralysis. Strong mental impressions often relieve these. This impression may be made upon the patient by the teachings of a Christian Scientist, the worshipping an East Indian idol, the resort to some charm, the touch of the seventh son, some fright, good or bad news, and many other circumstances which may operate strongly upon the person's mind. Many of these cases seem to the public to be very severe, or, indeed, hopeless. Hysteria will stimulate a great variety of diseases, even tumor, joint disease, paralysis, chronic vomiting, blindness, and so on. There is nothing wonderful in Christian Science or Faith Healing exerting an influence over such cases. It has been the general experience that such cases usually relapse, or assume some new form. Every reputable physician has occasion, from time to time, to call forth the power of mind on body, in these cases.

There is another group of diseases that run a certain course, and may end in the recovery or in the death of the sufferer. Such cases are typhoid fever, inflammation of the lungs, small-pox, scarlet fever, most eruptions of the skin, many injuries, and so on. Without the slightest treatment some of these cases would recover. When the Christian Scientist sees such cases from day to day no claim can be advanced of having worked a cure. All physicians know that judicious treatment aids Nature in these cases, and lessens the suffering, the duration of the illness, the mortality, and secures

better results. Christian Science looks idly on and mocks religion by trying to bring about perfect harmony of mind at so much a visit, or treatment. But under such treatment opportunities may be lost, and the patient fall a sacrifice to the lack of timely aid at the proper moment. Many a person now fills an untimely grave through the treatment of the various schools of Faith Healing, Mind Curing and Christian Science. Take the case of a broken bone. When left alone, or under the management of a scientist, the bone in time unites. The time, however, is lengthened because the parts are not kept so well in position, and there is almost certain to be much deformity. Under the hands of the surgeon the bone unites sooner, and there is less deformity—in most cases, none at all.

Now, coming to the last class of diseases, or those with some organic and incurable change in the affected organ of the body, we meet with conditions that can only be relieved. Here the Christian Scientist has completely failed. There is not on record a single well-attested case of a true, usually incurable, organic disease removed by this treatment. There are many who think that they have been cured of cancer by this method; but the cases will not stand the test of investigation. They thought they had cancer, but it had been some simple tumor that disappeared after a time. Many think they have been cured of heart disease, but there never was any true organic disease, but only some functional trouble evidenced by attacks of palpitation. In these cases the difference between the physician and the scientist is this: that the former understands the abnormal conditions present, and can do most for their relief; whereas the scientist regards the whole thing as a dream, a delusion, and only appeases the sufferer for a time by a make-belief that he is better. This can be done with almost all persons by telling them that

they can be cured, and that the reason they are not better is because they have not been properly treated. This for a time creates hope, and the drowning man will catch at straws.

Tested by the above classification of disease, and by experience, Christian Science has failed utterly to establish its claim to recognition. Nor could it be otherwise.

"The scientist knows there can be no hereditary disease, since matter cannot transmit good or evil intelligence to man, and Mind produces no pain." So says Mrs. Eddy. What a travesty on science this! And yet it comes from the founder of the whole system.

"If half the attention given to hygiene were given to the study of Christian Science and its elevation of thought, this alone would usher in the millenium," and again "he who is ignorant of what is termed hygienic law, is more receptive of spiritual power, and faith in one God." These statements taken from Mrs. Eddy's book on "Science and Health" are enough to make the color come to our faces in shame for our common humanity. To cast aside all laws of hygiene; to breathe the impure air; to drink impure water; to have open drains in our houses; to never wash or bathe our bodies; and to wear our clothes until they fall off our backs, without the contact of soap and water, are what we are taught in this book.

But, stop! we have not exhausted the wonders of Mrs. Eddy's book. "We never read that Jesus made a diagnoses of a disease in order to discover some means of healing it. He never asked if it were acute or chronic." What a wise provision in all this! The Christian Scientists could not make diagnoses of their cases, and so they do not deem it necessary. Any happy-go-lucky plan will do. It makes no matter if the case should be one of diphtheria, or scarlet fever, that might spread in the neighborhood and cause many deaths. Accord-

ing to this new school of treatment all that is necessary is to take chances. Do nothing, but look on and let the patient lie in dirt, or infect his brothers and sisters, or neighbors.

"Fevers are fears of various types. The quickened pulse, coated tongue, febrile heat, dry skin, pain in the head and limbs, are pictures depicted by mortal mind on the body. The images, held in the unconscious mind, frighten conscious thought." The above quotation, taken from "Science and Health," page 378, is nothing short of the quintessence of ignorance. A child, a mere infant, a few weeks old, is taken ill with measles, diphtheria, or scarlet fever, and all this only amounts to a fear. The images in unconscious mind frighten conscious thought, and the infant becomes feverish, has an eruption on the body, or membrane on the throat, and may die of some of the complications of these diseases. *And all because of a fear.* The fever-picture that has been drawn by millions rests on some individual, and the result is a fever. This fear often rests on mere infants who know absolutely nothing of thought regarding fever-pictures of older people. Here we reach a *reductio ad absurdum*.

With regard to food, we are told, "the fact is, food does not affect the existence of man, but it would be foolish to stop eating until we gain more goodness, and a clearer comprehension of the living God. In that perfect day of understanding, we shall neither eat to live, nor live to eat." When the Christian Scientists have attained to this perfection, and have taught their fellow men how to live without eating, what will become of the poor farmer? Will we also be able to do without clothing? Would it not be well for some scientist to try the experiment of doing without food? It would be interesting to know whether it ended as did a similar experiment on a certain animal mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in one of his stories, where the animal died just

when it was reduced to the last straw.

"Belief is all that ever enables a drug to cure mortal ailments," and again, "According to my understanding, the sick are never really healed by drugs, hygiene, or any material method. These merely evade the question." Here we have a very positive opinion as to the value of medicines and surgical appliances. When the surgeon removes a large tumor, and dresses the wound with such care that the patient makes a rapid recovery; or, when he meets with some distressing deformity and corrects the defect; or, when he operates, so as to give sight to the blind, he has done really nothing. These "material methods" have accomplished naught. So with the use of drugs. When a drug is administered, it is only the belief that does good. But what of the many patients who are not in a condition to exercise belief? What about the infants and those in a condition of stupor? Yet in these cases the drugs do good. If Christian Scientists hold that hygiene does not "really heal," it can be said for their information that the want of it has many a time killed. It is to be hoped that, as a class, they will, ere long, do as the dying Goethe did, pray for more light.

Throughout this paper I have aimed to be perfectly fair. The statements commented upon have been taken *verbatim et literatim* from Mrs. Eddy's treatise on Christian Science. The whole subject may be left with an intelligent people to decide for themselves whether or not the teachings of this sect are a mass of gross ignorance. These teachings are a blot on religion, as its principles are converted into a mercenary purpose; they are a danger to the public, as diseases of a serious nature, or contagious character, may escape detection, or receive improper treatment; and they are a coarse and repulsive superstition, flaunted before the public.

## NONDESCRIPT.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON (MADGE MERTON).

THE spirit of Christmas has been almost exiled from our modern gift-bestowing and gift-receiving holiday season. The element of barter has come into the custom of making Christmas presents, and the shrewdness of good bargaining is death to the tender little sentiment which was the first inspiration.

Christmas gifts should have no money value in the eyes of the bestower or in the eyes of the recipient. A basket of apples at thirty cents should mean as much as a basket of roses at five dollars. It does to honest-minded women, to whom gifts are only indications of good will, good wishes and regard. The clumsy hands of the old-fashioned wooden clocks indicate the time of day quite as accurately as the gleaming ones that move to the musical tick-tick-tack of the ormolu clocks of to-day. And some of us love the old ones best.

If the spirit of Christmas were an avenging spirit, if it had the tiniest bit of spleen, or the least bit of humor in its little celestial make-up, it might surely feel revenged, as it saw the mockery of the masquerading gift-givers, the misfit presents, the misapplied energy, the scoffing, the thanklessness of the modern Christmas, with its hurriedly gathered together gifts.

It is an old story that it is hard to select presents for men. It isn't, if you know them well—if you don't know them well, don't bother. Some unfortunate men come out of the Christmas-tide, misanthropes, disbelievers in the theory that women have brains, and—the unhappy possessors of six pairs of slippers each. It's rather much to ask them to take the will for the deed. Women often

spend their money and waste their energy, not to mention their time in making regular white elephants of presents for men, when the poor people in the narrow streets back of their houses are pinched with cold and starved for food. The spirit of Christmas hovers in benediction over those who turn their hearts to the suffering of the poor.

It often happens, too, that the new gown which is to fit my lady for the Christmas feast is unpaid for. The dressmaker, the laundress, the sewing girl have often to lessen the cheer of their Christmas that their richer debtors may buy Christmas gifts with money not their own.

What a fine time we would all have, if this year everyone paid their debts before they bought their Christmas presents.

The wrong side of the tapestried splendor of Christmas is rough and unpleasant. The brightness of the best side is a glory of gaiety and good. Gift-making is a wholesome pleasure, if it be from the heart, and wisdom guides the heart. Rich presents to poor people, who have the barter instinct, are irritations. They lead them into extravagance, or they make them shame-faced at accepting what they feel they cannot, and foolishly think they should, return. Most of all Christmas is the children's day. The homes where little stockings are hung up on Christmas eve, where the clamor about good Saint Nicholas fills the house for weeks before his coming, and the riotous glee at his arrival makes merry the joyous day itself, are the ones where most surely dwells the spirit of the day. Gifts to little ones are real. All return is in the blessed reflex of their pure joy.

Yet among the older ones real gift-giving is a good thing. The little remembrance from an absent friend is a bit of happiness. The gift from one of the same household carries its symbolized regard straight to our souls, for we are greatly sign-readers with all our prating and pretence to philosophy.

In mercy God has held from women's hearts  
The depth of mother-love, until it starts  
Into quick life, with the first child's first cries,  
And lasts till death shall close the mother's  
eyes.

Women who have no love for little children are women to beware of. It must be admitted that those who are not mothers cannot understand mother-love. In the mercy of the Good Father it was made so. They have lived only a part of their women's lives, and sometimes they do not even understand that.

A childless man will show more deference to a woman who is caring for a little one than a childless woman. It does not seem to be a matter of training. He instinctively honors motherhood. Perhaps it is that only by paying respect to mothers everywhere, he can pay the debt he owes his own mother. The wailing of a cross, or, as it more often is, a sick baby, has usually much more effect upon women than upon men. Why it is true, is one thing. That it is quite true, is another. It is not the opinion of one person. It can be substantiated by enquiry amongst women.

When life is gay and hopes are young, and the promises of the future are fat with the things desired of it, child-life does not so powerfully appeal to men and women. But later on, when a fuller acquaintance with life shows that all dreams cannot become realities, hope builds anew in the future of the little ones around the hearth. Men live their lives over, all the glamor and gladness of their

own childhood comes again in the lives of their boys.

Women live their girlhood as their daughters grow to womanhood. The power for good in the leaning of the young life against the old, cannot be over-estimated; its want cannot be too deeply deplored.

The gospel of pretty things like other gospels is perfect only in its entirety. You can pick phrases from it, which standing up alone will discredit all the rest.

There are few exceptions to the rule, that women like pretty things. The one who doesn't, is one to keep at a distance. I suspect she leaves her hair in curl papers, wears red wrappers and baggy shoes, giving evidence to the world in general, and her unfortunate world in particular, that she doesn't care how she looks. She is past hope, and as flat and uninteresting as a glass of soda water with the pin-pricks all gone.

Some women draw themselves away from pretty things, and deem that most poetic part of their being—the taste for beauty in form and color, a something to be guarded against. That is all wrong. Woman was created that way. Finding fault with the way you're made is very unremunerative work.

It isn't the liking for pretty things that ought to be rinsed out of women's souls—its wanting them and not wanting other people to have them. The complaint is often lodged that women like pretty things too well. Jewels are a passion with them, laces and furs their religion, a fine dress their golden calf, while luxurious house appointments are things they sell their souls for. But that is away from the liking of beautiful things—it is the mania for possessing them.

When women admire lovely gowns and fine gems, and fairy woven laces so well and so truly that they can admire them on other people, they are

surely living the gospel of pretty things.

We should grow glad as we see beauty and its possessor together. If we can admire beautiful dresses, handsome draperies, artistic bonnets, and all the lovely things with which women deck themselves, without any desire for possession or any disposition to compare them with our meagre havings, we can then be quite sure they appeal by their actual beauty to our artistic sense and not to our vanity.

It is often argued, with a good deal of foundation, too, that women, when once married, give up trying to be attractive, and very often verge on the untidy. Sometimes it is the woman's coarse nature coming to light from beneath the little vanities which were only a part of her coquetry. Sometimes it is mistaken economy grown chronic. Men may adore ugly women, worship sick ones, idolize plainly dressed ones, but the man doesn't live who can even moderately love a mussy, untidy woman.

Sometimes the young married woman has a very large trousseau. She thinks her pretty new clothes will last a long time. Her unsophisticated husband thinks they will last forever, and says something of the sort. He does not notice when they grow fashion-shabby. She does, but she wants to buy pretty things for her house, and thinks that if the nicest man on earth considers her dowdy clothes will do, she mustn't be over-particular. Things go on. She has no income of her own, perhaps, and she can't say that she wants some money to buy a gown or a hat or a mantle.

Some day the pattern husband wakes up to find that his wife isn't nearly so good-looking as she was. Little Miss Slip, or Mrs. Rattle-debang are such fine, handsome, stylish women.

It is to be hoped that the little woman gives up her economy and gets her pretty, new clothes before the young man's waking.

"What do women want anyway," said a testy and slightly old-fashioned man the other day. "They've got to riding bicycles and practising law—they'll be voting next, sure."

I think perhaps they will—at least some of them. The rest won't want to. No code of law can make dentists of all women, or doctors, or artists. For the same reason all were not intended for seamstresses or cooks.

They are the descendants of their fathers as well as their mothers. It must be believed they have inherited their father's tastes and abilities sometimes. A woman is fitted by nature for some calling in life, and nature does not always follow the same model, which is very often forgotten. A woman has the same intellectual needs, the same intellectual tastes as a man. They vary in kind and degree; so do men's.

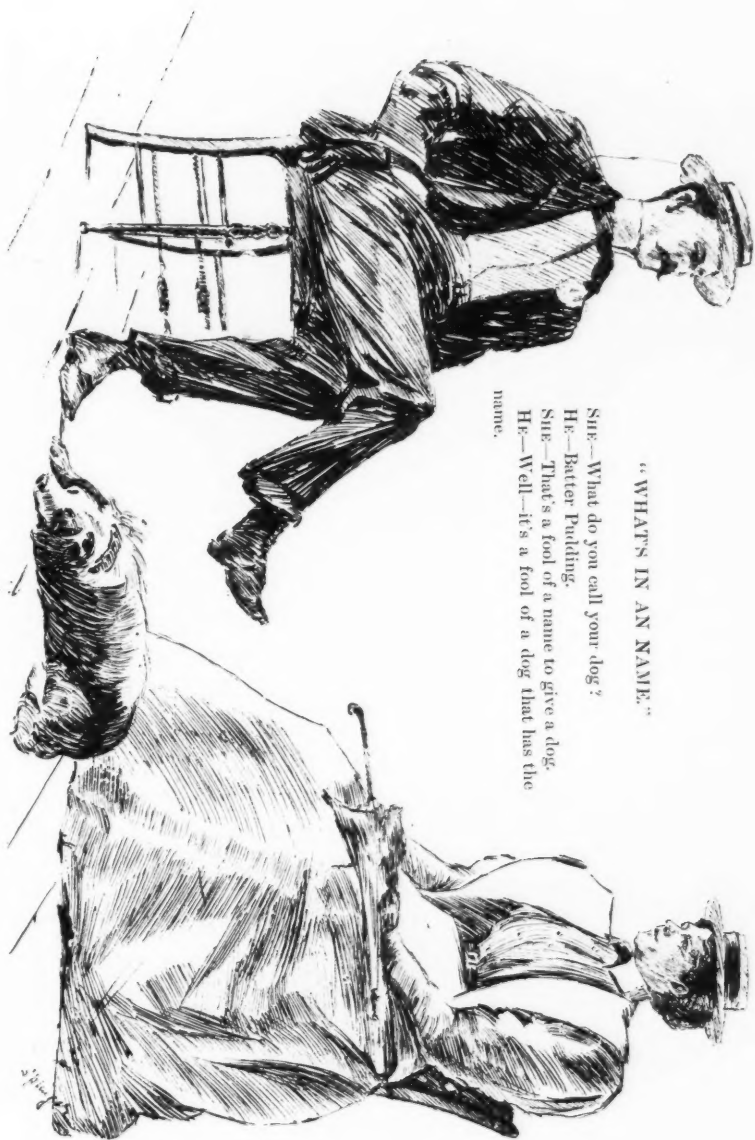
Men lead in many avenues of thought. That is to be expected. Woman has never quite made up that extra time to which man fell heir in the Garden of Eden.

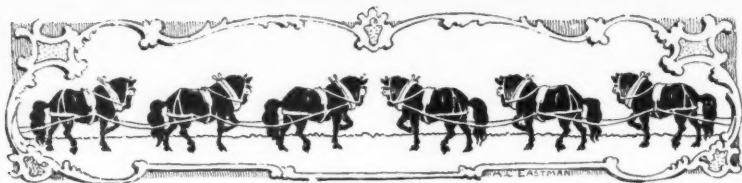
Men have found that they cannot be gardeners, carpenters, musicians, doctors and artists all in one. The man who dabbles in many professions or trades is spoken of with a shrug and two lifted eyebrows. But a woman must be a cook, a housemaid, a laundress, a seamstress and nurse. She may be more, if she has time, poor thing, but her world does not usually encourage it. She is a dabbler—she cannot help it if she tries. No woman ever lived who was fitted by natural endowment to fill all these departments. But good women will be where they should be. The upholders of the conservative woman may be quite sure of that.

Most of all the progressive woman of to-day should want to be good; not to be thought good, but to be it. Next she should want men to be as good as they hold their women, sisters should.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

SHE—What do you call your dog?  
HE—Batter Pudding.  
SHE—That's a fool of a name to give a dog.  
HE—Well—it's a fool of a dog that has the name.





## CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### THE COMING STRUGGLE.

Canada is on the eve of another great political struggle. The five year life of the present Parliament is fast ebbing away, and the Government of the day must shortly appeal to the people for a new lease of existence.

Before it does so, there will be a session and the issues of the campaign may be more thoroughly defined. These, if there are any, will undoubtedly be The Manitoba School Question and Tariff Reform. But, as in the United States, the issues will not be very clearly cut, and thus it will be more a struggle of parties than of principles. Whichever side records a victory, it will be unable to effect any great change in the protective tariff policy which is at present so characteristic of the two great North American nations. The Conservatives will go into battle with a long record of victories to encourage them; the Liberals will fight with the enthusiasm of hope, not the desperateness of despair. It will be purely a game of the "ins" and the "outs."

### UNITED STATES POLITICS.

Some elections have taken place in the United States. The Republicans have won in New York State and will elect a Republican Senator to succeed Senator Hill. New York city, conquered by organization, discipline and generalship of a clever order, has again fallen into the hands of Tammany. The Republicans won in Brooklyn, New England, Kentucky, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsyl-

vania, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Utah. The Democrats won in Mississippi, and Virginia. The general result is that the U. S. Senate will be more Republican in 1897 than in 1895; that Populism is going to pieces is proved in Nebraska, Kansas and Kentucky; that the Democrats are losing ground to the Republicans; that Free Silver will not be the winning plank in the Presidential campaign of 1896; and that tariff reform in the United States is a long distance off. The noted Democrats, Hill (N.Y.), Gorman, (Md.) and Brice (Ohio), have apparently lost their hold. Two Republicans have made long strides to the fore: these are Foraker of Ohio and Bradley of Kentucky. For President the Democrats seem to have only Cleveland, while the Republicans have Harrison, Morton and McKinley.

### THE DEEP WATERWAY.

While President Cleveland has appointed a commission of three persons—Dr. James B. Angell of Michigan, Dr. John E. Russell, of Massachusetts, and Lyman G. Cooley of Chicago—to report on the practicability of a deep waterway from Lake Huron to the Atlantic, Canadians have been discussing the probability of a deep waterway entirely in Canadian territory. The proposed route is from the Sault Ste. Marie to Montreal *via* the French River, Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa River. The project, whichever route be chosen, is an enormous one and too much wisdom cannot be applied to the making of a decision. The Canadian

gentlemen who will act with the United States contingent mentioned above are J. C. Keefer, C.E., Thomas Monroe, C.E., and O. A. Howland, M.P.P. These names are a guarantee that the matter will be treated with the highest consideration and only that will be recommended which would be consonant with this country's commercial welfare.

#### CANADA, UNITED STATES, ENGLAND.

In a recent issue of the *Week*, Principal Grant says: "I believe that the child is born who will see a moral reunion of the English-speaking race, commercial union based on free trade, a common tribunal and a common citizenship, if not more."

Place opposite to this the recent declaration by U. S. Senator Chandler in the *Concord Monitor* that "war between the United States and England is inevitable, that it will arise on account of British disregard for our dearest interest, and that one sure result will be the capture and permanent acquisition of Canada by the United States."

Principal Grant is one of Canada's representative men and his dictum can be taken, not as expressing the expected, but as denoting the direction of the hopes of many Canadians. Senator Chandler has been Secretary of the Navy and is still on the Naval Committee, hence he occupies a prominent place in the Councils of the United States people. That his views are those of at least a section of the public is confirmed by the applause of many of the United States papers. That it is not the sentiment of all the people is proved by the criticism of a still larger number of papers.

The *Richmond Dispatch* says: "We have no fears that there ever will be another war between Great Britain and the United States, and we read all predictions of such a war with a feeling of total incredulity."

The *Chicago Journal* says: "Our combined exports and imports with

Great Britain and its dependencies in 1893 amounted to over \$781,000,000. Our combined imports and exports with Russia in the same year amounted to barely \$8,000,000, with which country are we the most likely to go to war?"

The *New York Herald* says: "England, after all, is England, whether in British Guiana or in the China Seas. Her policy is directed by the same ideas and the same men. And blood is thicker than water, and our kin beyond the sea are closer to us than any Tartars or Romanoffs can ever be."

The ultra-Irish element in the United States is continually instigating attacks on Great Britain, but the majority of the people of the United States are guided by reason as well as sentiment. So long as this obtains, Canada will be Canada, and Great Britain and the United States will be co-defenders of a language, a blood, and a civilization which will in the twentieth century be the great factors making for refinement, advancement, and progress. Political demagogues, may come and newspaper demagogues may go, but the good sense of the people remains for ever.

#### DIVORCE AND CHURCH.

The Protestant-Episcopal church of the United States has adopted the following Canon at a recent convention in Minneapolis:—

"No minister of this church shall solemnize the marriage of any person who has a divorced husband or wife still living, but this proposition shall not be held to apply to the innocent party in a divorce, which the court shall have granted for the cause of adultery, or to parties once divorced from each other, seeking to be united again.

"If any minister of this church knows or has reasonable cause to believe that a person has been married otherwise than as the discipline of this church doth allow, he shall not minister Holy baptism or the Holy communion to such person without the written consent of the bishop of the diocese; provided, however, that no minister shall in any case refuse the sacraments to a penitent person in imminent danger of death."

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

To those who, like myself, have never seen Japan, a description of life and living in that land of paper houses, paper lanterns, fragrant flowers, and loose marital relations, will be exceedingly interesting. "My Japanese Wife," by Clive Holland, is a charming little sketch, and contains a great deal about the social and domestic relations of that island nation. The *Mousmés* with their butterfly dresses of flimsy silks, their bright, large-bowed sashes, their Dresden-China tinted cheeks their dainty graces and charming manners are pleasingly painted for the reader's benefit. The quaint cover and quainter illustrations of the book add to the charm of the descriptions.\*

When one turns from such a picture to that of Isabel in "The Charlatan," the contrast is great. She was calm, proud, queenly and above all beautifully womanly, full of the capacity of gentle and sincere affection. Or take the fresh, round, plump Lady Charlotta. She was a blonde of the brightest type, fair-haired, fair-complexioned and blue-eyed, with a face all happiness and sunshine. What a contrast to the *Mousmés*! These English girls held their fate in their own hands and married men because they loved them and because they hoped to make their lives great and good and successful. The *Mousmés* married men—if such a ceremony were decided necessary—to be the toys of a few idle hours and to be thrown aside when the passing fancy has surfeited itself.

"The Charlatan"† by Robert Buchanan and Henry Murray is a wonderful story, founded on the drama of the same name. It deals with the career of two impostors who professed to having hypnotic and occult powers. Remarkably original, possessing a well-laid plot, and decidedly masterly in execution, it is at once a tale to fascinate and to instruct. The subject of hypnotism is the *motif* of the book, and demonstrates the marvellous possibilities which lie in the combination of such a power as that possessed by Professor Charcote, of Paris, and the lack of principle such as is ascribed to Madame Blavatsky. It is full of present vital interest.

A little volume from Macmillan's contains an essay by Matthew Arnold, entitled "The

Function of Criticism," and another essay on "Style," by Walter Pater. Both monographs are scholarly and instructive.

Those who admire Professor Goldwin Smith's scholarly productions will be pleased to learn that Macmillan's\* have issued a new edition of "Oxford and Her Colleges." It is handsomely bound in cloth and gold and contains a number of well executed illustrations. As a holiday issue it is exceedingly opportune.

I often wonder why so many poets take great pleasure in producing sonnets. If I were writing I would not like to be confined to fourteen lines—and know that I was so confined. But a beautiful sonnet is a joy forever, and a very scarce article. There are a great many in a recent volume entitled, "Philoctetes and other Poems and Sonnets," by J. C. Nesmith, a United States poet, but the thought and action in many of them is labored, they seem to be manufactured rather than created. Still, throughout the whole book there is an evidence of deep thought, wide reading and scholarly skill.

One of the greatest books of the month, in fiction, is S. R. Crockett's "The Men of the Moss Hags"† J. M. Barrie, Ian MacLaren and S. R. Crockett are three Scotsmen who are just now giving to English literature much that is fresh and wholesome and powerful. Crockett seem to be most familiar with that section of Scotland which lies just between the lowlands and the highlands, in and around Galloway. His new story deals with life as it was in that particular section in the time when Charles II. John Lauderdale and John Graham of Claverhouse were persecuting the Covenanters. The tales of heroism, gallantry, martyrdom and oppression of that period are thrilling and stirring, and under Crockett's facile pen they lose nothing of their power. The description of "The Great Conventicle by the Dee Water" is one of the most realistic pen pictures I have ever read and is fit almost to rank with General Lew Wallace's "Chariot Race." But besides his realism, Crockett has a broad sympathy which draws out all that is human in the tale and in the reader.

\*New York, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Company.

†New York, T. F. Neely, cloth, \$1.25. Toronto, The Toronto News Co.

\*Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

†New York, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, the Copp, Clark Company.

Science will appreciate the latest issue in Longman's Colonial Library.\* It is called "Pleasant Ways in Science," and is by the well known author and scientist, Richard A. Proctor. Each chapter deals with a different topic, such as Oxygen, the Sun, Drifting Light Waves, Strange Sea Creatures, the Use and Abuse of Food, Dew, Ancient Babylonian Astrology, Mallet's Theory of Volcanoes, etc.

"On the Summit, and Other Poems" is the title of a small book of poetry by B. G. Ambler, a London Poet (Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.). Some of the poems show much skill and thought, yet none are very remarkable for brilliancy.

A. H. Sayce. Professor of Assyriology at Oxford, has published a Primer of Assyriology.† It is an exceedingly concise and interesting book and gives the ordinary reader a splendid view of the social, industrial and educational conditions of ancient Babylon and Assyria.

Hodder and Stoughton,‡ the English publishers seem to have a monopoly of the literature on that section of Africa known as Uganda and which is under British protection. Alexander Mackay, the intrepid young Scotch missionary, has done much to bring that region to the attention of the English-speaking public. His sister's two books have helped to make the events of his self-sacrificing life well-known. The Rev. R. P. Ashe, a brother missionary, has now written a book called the "Chronicles of Uganda" with further accounts of the strange religions, industries and social usages of that interesting quarter in "Darkest Africa." Some twenty-six illustrations add to the interest of this valuable volume.

William Briggs has arranged for the Canadian market for Miss Wetherald's book, "The House of Trees and Other Poems," now in the press at Samson, Wolfe & Co., of Boston. Miss Wetherald has many admirers, and there is none among our Canadian poets whose work bears the stamp of more finish and polish than that of this clever young lady. The publishers are issuing the book in very dainty form. It will make a choice Christmas gift.

The same publisher intends to issue shortly "Cot and Cradle Stories," by Mrs. Catherine Parr Traill, edited by Mary Agnes FitzGibbon, the talented author of "A Veteran of 1812." The book will contain a new

portrait of the author and a number of illustrations by Mr. A. Dickson Patterson, R.C.A., and will sell at one dollar. He will also issue "Canadian Wildflowers," by the same author, who has already written "Studies of Plant Life in Canada" and "Notes of an Old Naturalist." This book will cost \$6.00.

"The Days of Auld Lang Syne" is a new book by Ian Maclaren.\* From readers of "Beside the Bonny Brier Bush" this further instalment of quaint Scotch character sketches will receive a warm welcome. The same personages figure in this as in its predecessor. Their hearty appreciation of dry humor and manly unselfish devotion to friend and neighbor, both humor and devotion almost always disguised under a blunt and undemonstrative exterior, ashamed to be caught lapsing into an expression of feeling, make spicy reading for anyone whether he is familiar with the



PHILEAS GAGNON.

author's early production or not. There is perhaps less humor and more pathos in these stories but no one can read of Jamie Soutar's nipping tongue and underhand charities without having sufficient of both, and "A Servant Lass" is no unworthy successor to "A Country Doctor."

The last five chapters of "Beside the Bonny Brier Bush" have been illustrated and issued in a separate volume,\* under the title of "A Doctor of the Old School." This holiday edition is opportune and will no doubt find a ready sale among the numerous Canadian admirers of Ian Maclaren. The cover of the book is most artistically done in

\*Toronto, The Copp Clark Co.

†Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, Toronto.

‡Toronto Agents, Fleming H. Revell Co.

\*Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co.

gold on a light drab linen and the full gilt edges enhance the rich effect. The work in the interior is of as high a class as the exterior and speaks well for the mechanical expertness of Canadian printing. The artist, a Mr. Gordon, has done his work well and added much of force to the well told tales of this noble specimen of the medical profession.

Chas. G. D. Roberts' *Canadian History* is to appear next year. Samson, Wolfe & Co. of Boston, will publish it in the United States. The same firm will shortly publish a volume of short stories from Mr. Roberts' pen, to be called the "Earth's Enigmas." T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, will shortly bring out a volume of his juvenile adventure stories to be called, "Told around the Camp Fire."

Two of Canada's best known lady newspaper writers will shortly publish a novel each. They are Jean Blewett and "Kit." The public will await them eagerly and yet regretfully, for the result may be the same as in the case of Sara Jeanette Duncan, whose first book's success drew her from Canada to larger literary fields.

Students of early and of modern Canadian annals, will find in Mr. Phileas Gagnon's robust volume of 550 pages, entitled "*Essai de Bibliographie Canadienne*," a most useful cyclopedia of the rare publications relating to Canadian history. Mr. Gagnon is a city alderman of Quebec who has devoted, for the last twenty years, his leisure hours to literary pursuits, with the zeal of an antiquarian. His collection of *Canadians* acquired by purchase, gift and exchange, is one of the most extensive in the country, comprising old rare books, and historical engravings and autographs, photographs, maps, and heraldic devices, etc., and gathered after much trouble and at considerable expense, in Canada, England, France and the United States. His bulky volume is more than an analytical index of his literary treasures, some 5,000 in number, as it also purports to give succinctly, the history and origin of the most remarkable among these publications. Mr. Gagnon has compiled his work with the patience and research of a Benedictine monk and every public library ought to own a copy. A picture of Mr. Gagnon, who is about forty years of age, is to be found in this department.

J. A. C.

"London Idylls,"\* by W. J. Dawson, contains ten sketches of every-day life, pleasantly and interestingly told. In the first of them, that entitled "Jim and his Cane," we have the story of Jim, a London street

waif, and Annie, a lame flower girl. Jim becomes a telegraph messenger, while Annie continues her work in the crowded thoroughfares of the mighty metropolis. On one memorable occasion Jim went to Dorking, and his description to Annie of the woodland scenery thereabouts, and of the wealth of buttercups and daisies, is vivid and realistic. "There was a wood there, and I looked inter it," said Jim. "'Twas flowers everywhere, 'twas burstin' with 'em. I looked just to see if no one saw me, an' then I went in and I rolled in 'em. \* \* \* 'Twas the 'eartiest roll I ever had. I could smell those flowers in my clothes for a week arter. I'm goin' to save up, an' next Bank 'Oliday you and me 'll go there and roll."

The next Bank Holiday came, and Jim and Annie went—not to Dorking—but to some seaside resort; we are left to imagine where. They spend the day together, and are lost in amazement at the ocean and its surroundings. At the railway station at night, as they are preparing to return to London, there is a surging, noisy multitude. Those who have ever seen an English railway station on the evening of an August Bank Holiday can imagine the scene, men shouting, gesticulating and pushing the weaker ones on one side in their endeavor to be in the front ranks. As the train moves in, Annie is pushed by the crowd off the platform on to the rails. Jim sees her peril, and in rescuing her from death is himself struck by the engine and injured fatally.

The closing scene of Jim's death and Annie's grief is pathetically narrated, and the reader lays down the book with a feeling of admiration for Jim's unselfishness, and sorrow for the ending that befell him.

"The Right to Love," by Dr. Max Nordaw (Toronto News Co.), is a translation from the original by Mary I. Safford. The story told as a play is decidedly sensational, but of great dramatic power. Many of the situations are intensely interesting, and the reader never loses his pleasure as he peruses the pages from first to last.

"The Land of Promise," by Paul Bourget, (Toronto News Co.) is a book to be noticed. Some people may find fault with the whole story contained in this volume. It is one that is all too common, that of illicit love, but the book tells, and tells most forcibly, of the shame that is entailed by wrong doing; and while one is not allowed to condone the sin, at the same time one sympathizes with the sinner. The last chapter of the book is an exquisite piece of word-painting, Francis Nayrac seeming to stand before the reader in all his sorrow, in all his self-abasement, and in his hope for a better future.

T. E. C.

\*New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Toronto, The Fleming H. Revell Co.

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**Canadian Types No. 1.**

**AN EXPRESS.**

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY A. H. H. HEMING.

*A despatch bearer in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts in the plains country.*